

THE RADICAL.

JULY, 1868.

ART AND RELIGION.

IN following out thought upon a high spiritual plane, we are continually brought to a stern and inexorable unity. Helpful and attractive when seen in opening vistas of life, like the horizon among green fields and wooded hills, this unity becomes cold and oppressive, when, as at sea, we behold the sharp, clear line all around us without a break. Possibly in every individual soul as in every great religious movement, there comes an experience of this overpowering character. Follow up whatever path we may, it leads us to the One — until at last we lose all consciousness of the manifold, and like the Brahmin, seek for the supreme good in absorption into the substance of the One. No wonder that this state of mind produces the extremes of fanatic self-abnegation, St. Simon on his pillar, the monk in his living tomb, the hermit in his desert cave. Those terribly sincere religious tragedies in which every human affection is sacrificed to the inexorable demand of divine necessity, have not ceased. They are reproduced to-day in other forms, but in the same spirit as when Abraham offered up Isaac at the fancied command of God. This sense of unity which in the healthy mind gives harmony and repose to the whole of thought and life, thus morbidly excited, becomes a demonizing power to destroy the whole frame-work of creation. It is as though the centrifugal force were suspended, and the omnipotent law of gravitation, unbalanced by its counterpart, drew the whole universe to annihilation in its grasp. The tyranny of this thought in minds revolted by the frivolity of a corrupt age, or wearied with the

The Radical.

struggles of life, has produced the most violent extremes, until nothing has seemed so certain to the religionist, as the tremendous mistake of God in making this world, and especially this human body. Speculation continually affronts this problem, why did not God rest in self-existent perfection, instead of creating imperfect multiplicity? All is one, why are there two? All is good, why do we find so much evil? God is all in all, what is man?

Science seems to begin at the opposite pole, and to occupy itself with the forms and shows of things, with secondary laws, with methods and operations rather than spiritual meanings. Yet the moment it seizes on a mere central truth, it follows the same track, and we have in the doctrine of correlation of force, a stupendous revelation which binds the material world in a unity as oppressive to the mind when looked at in sharp, clear outline, as the fanatical idea of spiritual unity is to the soul. That all this machinery of force, or heat is kept up by the constant devouring of planets by the central sun, is a grim scientific conceit which seems perfectly in correspondence with the Molochs and Juggernauts of theology. Saturn is still devouring his children.

It is needless to speak of the opposite extremes of materialism in science, of frivolity in life. These are devils that appear dressed in their own appropriate garb, and we are in no great danger of mistaking them for angels of light. We may, indeed often, do injustice to the centrifugal force, with its extremes of individualism and materialism. We sometimes forget that it is a divine impulse which sends the comet far on its wild course away from the sun, as well as divine love which draws it ever back towards it. But materialism seldom arrogates to itself any spiritual supremacy, and while it is more destructive to the soul than the opposite tendency, it is more obviously so, and religion has seldom failed to check its extremes.

I love to think of art as the corrective of these two tendencies, and especially of the nobler, but not less fatal inclination towards centralization or absorption in unity. No less divine minister would be welcomed by a soul in this exalted condition, where it too often dwells solitary, alone, though with God. Duty, the moral relation, seems the only other voice to which it can listen, and that "stern daughter of the voice of God" may be intensified rather than enlightened by the spiritual guidance. Conscience belongs to the centripetal forces in its character, it binds rather than frees the soul. Yet as all forces are correlative, and the increase of the centripetal augments the power of the centrifugal, so conscience in a healthy

mind reacts upon the intellect and imagination to enlarge them. Yet without the answering corrective of a free intellectual culture, conscience may be on the side of the persecutor as well as of the martyr.

But art, the beautiful daughter of the household of faith, has her special work in relation. The absolute is not her province. She dwells in harmony which always supposes more than one, yet which makes all one. She "partakes of immortality, leaving nothing behind." All are woven together in a wondrous whole, but not one is lost, the smallest has its place, and is precious as the largest. To theology may belong the pure white light of heaven, but art knows it only as it breaks into radiant color, or is tempered by shadow. It cannot with science analyze the rainbow and show how reflection and refraction have formed its beautiful arch, but it catches its divine meaning and reveals it as a pledge of hope and promise of ever enduring good. Art is always synthetic, it knows proportions, but not parts. Never forgetting its office of relation, it never isolates, it always unites, it never crushes, it always develops.

I like Margaret Fuller's much ridiculed phrase, and would apply it to art. Art "accepts the universe." Its province is belief, rather than doubt, or rather, it neither doubts nor believes, but recognizes and renews. Its own purpose is not affirmation, nor argument, but expression. Its faith is so entire, that it dares all things. The expression of a truth will put it into relation with all other truth—because all truth is one. But its need of expression at once reveals the divine meaning in creation. It sympathetically apprehends the divine impulse to pour itself out in every possible form, and it recognizes in the infinite variety and superabundant wealth of the universe, its tragedy and its comedy, its shadows and its lights, its cavernous abysses, and its glorious skies, the varying language of the divine thought. The blue arch of the sky either resplendent with the radiant troop of stars, or veiled with heavy clouds that betoken the coming storm, does not hide heaven from our view; it reveals it. All the forces of nature are "weaving for God the garment thou seest him by," not shrouding him from sight. The block of marble is not a hindrance to the sculptor, it is a great opportunity. It contains for him the image of his thought, which is not complete to himself until it takes outward form.

Art represents therefore the eternal marriage, the masculine divinity, the feminine divinity, God-giving, God-receiving, God-producing. The one, the two, the resulting multiplicity, are all recognized. In knowing the product deeply, we enter into the spirit that produced it.

The Radical.

"He that knoweth the Son knoweth the Father also." "Thou meetest Plato when thine eyes moisten over the Phædo." Everything is divinely significant to the artist.

Thus art expresses the highest intellectual relation, as God expresses our highest conception of the absolute. Art seeks to express the consciousness of God. The true artist is he who places the material in its true relation to the spiritual in whatever form.

Love partakes of the essential and the relative. We say God is love ; yet we love him, and he loves us. All names carried up to their highest significance run into each other. Love is the great inspirer and soul of art. It is through love that the artist comes near to the soul of things, and his thought is fructified and bursts into expression. Shall we say love is the inward, and art the outward revelation of God ? Love is inspiration, Art is expression ; Love is God flowing in, Art is God pouring out ; Love is being, Art is life. Yet all are one, and no word indicating division can truly express either.

Do I then make any undue claim for art in placing it beside religion as the great binding force which maintains the just balance and harmony of the spiritual universe ? The beauty which reveals God to us, perhaps awakens our love more than any other of his attributes. We feel our affinity to him in recognizing our mutual delight in nature's loveliness. Art therefore especially loves beauty, and is never sure of her success unless she feels a throb of aesthetic pleasure in it.

To the divine mind all is harmonious, all is beautiful ; not from any weakening of individual power, or loss of characteristic peculiarities, but from the large comprehension which sees all in relation. Art strives to portray the same truth of relation, and by the suggestion of the divine All to put every object into harmony. It deals with everything that is darkest and most terrible in nature and life, but so states it, that what seemed insupportable becomes possible, what was terrible is clothed to the imagination with a stern and grand beauty which raises and strengthens while it awes us.

Art has always held its place close to religion. The earliest expression of faith is symbolic. Almost every lofty soul has delighted to pour itself in poetry, or song, or painting. The earliest history of every people shows the innate longing of the human mind to manifest its divine energy in creation, and nature becomes a plastic material to be moulded into symbolism at the bidding of the spirit. The grandeur of expression in these early monuments of art is amazing. With all their uncouthness and grotesqueness, we look upon them with reverence, for "they have represented God to human souls."

Indeed it is not mainly on the divine side that art lacks its development in early ages. Just emancipated from the dominion of nature, man seeks less to find the meaning of matter, than to free himself from it by rising to a superior height above it. He strives to picture the gods as quite other than men, and is tempted in art as in religion to divorce the spirit from matter. We are told that the Greeks never attained "freedom and beauty while confined to representing the gods ; it was in statues of men, especially in those of the victors at Olympia and other sacred games, that genuine ideas of beauty were first aimed at, and in part attained, from whence they passed afterwards to the statues of the gods." Divorced from nature, art, like religion, may seem sublime and lofty, but it is incapable of progress, and will soon become dead and rigid, unfit to serve human needs.

The correspondence of the laws of art with the laws of life and morals suggests its integral relation to religion, and its common origin with it. The Greeks worshiped a god Terminus. The divine mind delights in law and order. We are everywhere impressed with the problems which it states to itself, working under self-imposed conditions. There seems a joy in the rebounding consciousness of infinite power from these limitations and laws. The mathematical precision of the starry movements, the definite proportions of chemistry, the equivalence of the cosmic force are not merely modes of operations of the limited human intellect, but they are the chosen manifestations of the divine mind. So art loves to walk in a straight and narrow way. The measured tread of the sonnet matches itself to the sublimest utterances of poetry ; the grandest strains of music, that form of art which soars most boldly towards the illimitable, yet accept the measure of time, and the laws of answering rhythm, and the plastic arts love the severest bounds of measure and proportion. But as the divine nature while loving law and acting by law, yet always transcends it, so art while loving bounds, will not be fettered by them. The material is honored while it serves, but it must serve ; the moment it stands for itself alone, claiming any value but as the expression of spirit, art is ruined. The smallest detail is of value, if it speaks in harmony, adding significance to the whole, but the largest fact is rejected if it impertinently claims attention on its own merits. "What hours I spent," said an artist, "in getting rid of that foot in my Madonna, because everybody praised it the moment they saw it." But in Millet's sewing-women, the poor twisted foot helps tells the story as much as the sweet, toil-worn face. The unities which helped the Greeks, became terrible fetters to the merely imitative French.

The Radical.

How wonderfully significant too, is the law of correspondence or symmetry in art. Every broad mass of color must be answered to by a touch of the same hue in another part of the picture ; every shadow must have a gleam of light ; every light must have a touch of shadow ; every curve must be balanced by another curve, not identical, but corresponding. There must be no perpendicular line, but the perpendicular must never be lost in the figure. These are moral and spiritual truths, as well as canons of art, and especially significant is the rule, that all is confused unless everything is focussed, a darkest point in every shadow, a brightest place in every light. How does this correspond to nature's growth from the highest point, and the aspiration which gives clearness and power to our spiritual life.

That which we always delight in as repose in art, which is an outward expression of inward harmony, is a true mirror of that " peace which passeth all understanding," the peace which Jesus felt amid the agony and desolation of the cross.

Art is worthy to be placed by the side of religion for its universal hold upon the hearts of men. Even those stern souls who have sought to crush out this, as every other human feeling from the heart, how have they reveled in the imagery of the Psalms and the majestic symbolism of the Hebrew Scriptures. They overthrew the cathedrals and statues of Rome, but they painted splendid visions of the glory of the New Jerusalem with their lips ; and every deed of the old Hebrews became a symbol and a poem. Out of the stern sect of the Baptists has come that wonderful work of art, which Bunyan called a dream, but which is such a living reality, that it charms alike childhood and age. Inspired by his thought, the dreamer soars so high above, and so far beyond the limits of his narrow creed, that the liberal thinker of to-day finds the " Pilgrim's Progress " a mirror of his own spiritual life. The devotion which art has inspired, is second only to that of religion ; it has its martyrs whose lives have been joyfully sacrificed to its pursuit, and men have esteemed wealth and pleasure and all other joys of life as nothing in comparison with it. And as religion fills the highest soul, and yet comforts and blesses the humblest, so is it with art ; it has a word and a message for all. The rapt connoisseur delights in the symphonies of Beethoven, which seem as if they would still satisfy the soul when it had passed out of mortal bounds, and the pious Methodist feels her spirit borne upward to heaven on the strains of some simple hymn. What has art not been as the companion of religion to the enslaved negroes of the South ? The truths of the gospel were darkened to their intellects by

ignorance, its precepts of mercy and equality came strangely distorted from their masters' lips and lives, but the glorious poetry of the Bible kindled their imagination, and while the body writhed under the lash, and the mind was dwarfed by ignorance, the soul reveled in a glory and grandeur of spiritual insight. The wierd music of the spirituals, never rightly sung but by those who had passed through the baptism of great sorrows, was a song of deliverance and victory. One of the most original among these people, known by her well-earned name of Moses, says of all that she has seen since she has come North, nothing has delighted her so much as the statues. Does she not here recognize the kindred spirit which prompted her own heroic deeds, and made the dark nights of waiting in the bush full of light and glory?

One sect indeed, and that one whose spiritual elevation and moral purity inspires us all with reverence, denies the mission of art, and forbids the worship of beauty as one of the divine attributes. This accounts sufficiently for the fact, that this sect, holding the highest truths in the purest form, has not taken a firm hold upon the heart of the world. The constant protest against its neglect of art and beauty, may be found in painter and poet who spring from its bosom, and feel that the light within shines out upon the path of art. The imagination, fettered by day, acts in visions and dreams by night; nor does John Woolman himself escape being exquisitely poetical, when during the early time of his protest against slavery, he says: "Under the weight of this exercise, the sight of innocent birds among the branches, and sheep in the pastures, who act according to the will of their Creator, hath at times tended to mitigate my trouble." The "Pastoral Symphony," and even the poor Italian's hand-organ may have done the same good deed for the overworked thinker, or the squalid workman of the city who could not hear the birds sing or the lambs bleat.

The claim of art to express the divine in relation would be wholly invalidated, did it fail to meet the great question of theology, the origin of evil, the great moral truth of humanity, growth by suffering, good and evil, joy and grief; both human, both divine. Does art find words for both, and speaking them, does it reveal a reconciliation between them? Art gives us no explanation, no argument, yet these are her favorite themes, and she does not shrink from painting them broadly and thoroughly. But art always suggests that which makes evil supportable, and grief beneficent. It is the terrible jar and shock which dismay us. Art puts the one fact into relation with the all. Could we look with divine eyes, we should see all that is

made in harmony, and know that though in isolation it is evil, in relation it is good. We can look upon the statue of the "Dying Gladiator" with rapt admiration ; we should have shrunk with horror from the actual scene. But does not the artist show us that it is the gladiator dying ? it is the man living. Tragedy appeals to us as the grandest of all human expressions, because it does not dwarf and cramp this side of human nature, but expresses it fully and awfully, but always with a latent revelation of infinite, divine power, which can illumine it all. Take Hamlet for instance. How full of horrors ! What wrenching of all human ties ! What meanness and desecration of sacred relations, as well as bolder and greater crimes ! What doubt and irresolution, and questioning, and inward distraction in Hamlet's mind ! Nothing is softened, no light breaks in at last ; good and bad are alike swept sway. Intellectual criticism has exhausted itself upon it. But what is the result ? Are you not ennobled and strengthened by Hamlet ? Does it not charm the multitude in the theatre, as much as the scholar in the closet ? and have not Hamlet's very questionings awakened in you a consciousness of eternal security and truth ?

The ordinary old-fashioned novel falls below the true standard of art just here ; that it takes the righting of wrongs into its own hands, instead of suggesting a larger circle, and an infinite reconciliation. The work is done for us, instead of the problem being grandly stated, and the solution indicated only, and then left to the reader. Hence their enervating effect upon the mind, instead of the bracing stimulus of true works of art. Love and struggle are the great themes of art, repeated in every form. These are the two forces of life, love centripetal, effort, battle centrifugal. Love is lyric, struggle is dramatic.

As humanity is the highest revelation of divinity, so art must especially seek its meaning, and tell it in its own language. Man sees man in connection with God and nature, and this complicated and rich relation is especially fitted to that expression of the divine mind, which the artist seeks. But the artist finds expression in man's relation to the lower orders of being, as well as to the higher. With what wonderful felicity are human attributes given to animals. Haydon found the dissection of the lion a great help in his study of the heroic in man. Here too, art recognizes the quality of sport and merriment, which the ancients did not scruple to attribute to their gods, but which modern religion has thought it necessary to disown altogether. But how full nature is of charming play. Look at a collection of birds in a museum ; what studies of the grotesque.

How does nature run into every conceivable extravagance ; you cannot look at them without laughing. What sport in young animals, in leaves and sprays, and clouds and winds. We find this same tendency in humanity in the deepest natures, and art accepts it, and does not hesitate to give it full expression. Shakspere, Cervantes, Hogarth, Mozart, are instances which at once recur to us. How many a soul may be saved from despair by the recognition of this divine attribute, as we are told Dr. Channing recovered from the horrors of a Calvinistic sermon by hearing his father whistle.

Coleridge says : " Art is the mediatrix and reconciler of nature and man. It is therefore the power of humanizing nature, of infusing the thoughts and passions of man into everything which is the object of his contemplation ; color, form, motion and sound are the elements which it combines, and it stamps them into unity in the mould of a moral idea. In this sense, nature itself is to a religious observer the art of God. Hence nature itself would give us the impression of a work of art, if we could see the thought which is present at once in the whole, and in every part, and a work of art will be *just* in proportion as it adequately conveys the thought, and rich in proportion to the variety of thoughts which it holds in unity."

Indeed, religion and art vie with each other in elevating the thoughts of humanity. Its infinite, ever-varying, inexhaustible power of suggestion in beauty, make the human body always as fresh and original to the artist, as if human eye had never looked upon it before. The human figure is capable of all expression, and we are not surprised that Swedenborg goes so far as to say the heavens are in the form of a man.

Like religion, art does not stand appalled at the great mystery of death. Loving manifestation as it does, seeing in the outward the fitting and inevitable garb of the spirit, regarding the body not as the hindrance, but as the helper of the soul, knowing the inward through the outward, and expressing its divinity by humanity, with what horror might it not see the outward beauty wasted, the temple of the body destroyed. Yes, death is a great fact. My friend lives, but all which related him to me, the touch of the hand, the glance of the eye, the thrilling tone of the voice is gone. Are not these treasures lost in the present, whatever memory and hope may speak of past and future? Death is a great fact, great as sorrow, great as struggle, great as human life, but still divine. Art has her requiem for the departed, mournful, but yet comforting ; she paints the dead Christ, but the beauty of his countenance suggests the risen Saviour. In the form

is the life, or rather in the power which makes the form. Nothing has ever seemed to me a more touching illustration of death than the sculptor's process of casting his statue. Over the beautiful clay model, wrought out with so much care, slowly creeps the dull, ugly crust which hides it from sight. A moment more, and that clay so beautiful, so precious, is dug out a shapeless mass and thrown back into the common lump. Another process, and there stands the fair, white statue. It was destroyed that it might be preserved ; it died that it might live. Who ever doubts of immortality, standing by the grave of one dearly loved ? Art so stands by the grave, so represents death, and so reveals its meaning and its beauty. Art cannot see death without seeing more than death. It sees it in its universal relation, as a new possibility of life ; it relates it to the infinite, and this dark shadow is touched by the divine light.

Art is the representation of the divine in visible, audible, or tangible form. It is "the divine made flesh." Then human life is the grandest of all art. Divine, human, natural, relating itself to the very highest, and to the lowest, a life so co-ordinated as to follow God, is the greatest of all art. With all relations harmoniously adjusted, with every function of use so informed by spirit as to become beautiful also, with self subordinated to the whole, but the whole energized into personal activity, a life characteristic, and yet harmonious, truly ideal and truly actual, is the highest form of art. Day by day, hour by hour, humanity is incarnating the divine thought. In the long vista of the past, we see the halo of beauty upon it, and talk of the golden age. We look forward and the millennium dawns upon us in its infinite beauty and harmony. To the divine mind the present, filled with its jar and turmoil, as it seems to us, is no less significant and lovely. The great picture of human life has its lights and its shadows, but all help to express the great inspiring, divine thought.

I might speak of the corruptions of art, as of religion, of its ministering to worldly pride, and luxury, and corruption. It is but saying that art represents humanity, and not being absolutely good, it touches the whole range from one extreme to the other. The love of nature itself may become a snare, and the excesses of religion form one of the saddest pages of human history.

I have spoken of art as a corrective for that intensified perception of unity or spirituality which often destroys the balance of the human faculties, and makes all things meaningless and worthless beside the one. And yet in the actual lives of artists we often find this overpowering tendency, varying in degree and kind. It is not the resis-

tance to it, and the relief for it which expression only can give which makes them great artists? While Michael Angelo studied the human body with the utmost reverence and fidelity so that if there be a fault in his work it is that he gives undue prominence to anatomical detail, and makes his massive figures almost too powerful for a human soul to animate, yet in his no less glorious sonnets we find him constantly overpowered by the burden of life, and feeling it to be a wall between him and the Infinite. But in art he finds a reconciliation and says, "Good painting strives after the Divine and unites itself with it."

In William Blake, that wonderful genius who seems to be just rising again on our horizon, we have the rarest instance of intense spirituality accompanied not with keen suffering, but a childlike joy of existence. Is he the flower of the new time, and have we actually got rid of contempt of life and despair of humanity? His designs, although we know them only in mere engravings, have a grandeur of conception and a richness of imagery, beside which, even Michael Angelo's look a little blank. And yet they are not fully clothed. He has not quite incarnated them, and the expression fails of the charm and the beauty which can carry them into the hearts of men. Full of divine inspiration and of tender love, he yet was not serenely and harmoniously related to life, and we regard rather his immense possibilities than his actual achievements.

Another artist of our own day is a striking illustration of my thought. David Scott. This stern powerful nature seems the fitting representative of that severe but majestic type of religion which belonged to our own ancestry, and which has held Scotland in its grasp for so many centuries. Deep insight, daring speculation, powerful logic, rigorous conscience, utter sacrifice of self, all characterize him. Above all men he was a solitary man, and yet oppressed by his solitude, hungry and craving for sympathy and love, what but art could give him relief? Expression was his safety valve. His brother speaks of him thus: "A mind living much in relation to itself, and less in relation to sense, and viewing the outer world, indeed, but as the symbol of the inner, their region of contact being the sphere of art." One anecdote told of him is very characteristic. Sitting in the open air on a beautiful summer's day with a friend, he expressed the deep sadness of his spirit. His friend, of a more cheerful nature, exclaimed half angrily, "I declare, you would defame the very sun in heaven and call it a sad sight." "And is it not," replied Scott, "that great lonely sun, always giving and never receiving, is surely sad."

The Radical.

Such men as these, incomplete, yet grand, seem like the mighty stone pillars of that great bridge which spans the gulf between divinity and our apparent world. Not quite free, they are yet true, and as we often seem to draw nearer to the artist's soul in an unfinished sketch than in an exquisite painting, so these colossal fragments fill us with a nearer sense of divinity than rounder and more balanced natures.

A broader, healthier, and more fully modern type of artist is the French Millet. Yet in his homely expression there is the greatest depth of thought. In him the human or moral element prevails over all others. The wrongs of humanity press upon his heart, and he speaks them with touching simplicity, but always with a divine meaning, which makes us feel anew the eternal goodness over all.

Two schools of art, representing its two inevitable tendencies in either excess, have always been recognized. The one worshiping nature finds its province to be only in imitation. "We want mere Nature," it says. "You cannot go beyond it. Imitate it as literally as possible. Any other element introduced into it is an impertinence." Is it not strange that this tendency has appeared strongly in connection with the immense growth of material life, scientific knowledge and natural religion, in our day. It has its great value when it brings an earnest study of nature and sincere fidelity in detail, but it becomes prosaic and uninteresting when it stops here. The great preponderance of landscape painting representing with careful minuteness scenes peculiar or remarkable in themselves, shows this tendency. But these fail of their mission as art, they are statements, not revelations. "I cannot find any fault with these pictures," said an honest critic, "but I find no interest in them; but a landscape by Allston instantly speaks to me."

On the other side, the idealist who scorns nature, seeks to clothe his thought with the least possible matter. Forgetting that art cannot deal with the absolute, he seeks to withdraw from the relative and the finite. It could not be art, were it successful. This tendency appears strongly in reactionary periods and in minds of tender sentiment or morbid spirituality. We see it in the early painters of Italy and in the Catholic reactionists of Germany. Intellectually, it mistakes generalization and the losing of individual traits for idealization or the expression of character by significant attributes. The other school confounds individuality with character and gives the same value to details which do not express the idea as to those in which it is incarnated. Coleridge says, "The ideal consists in the happy bal-

ance of the generic with the individual," or in the harmony of the inward and the outward. It is in fact the perfection of art.

Could we conceive of a fully developed man, possessing his powers of mind, heart, and soul, in perfection, cast alone upon a solitary island, without the natural relations of life, what would remain to him? God and nature, and he would seek expression in art the relation between them after his bare physical needs were satisfied. We should expect to see the sides of his cave covered with designs, the clay at his feet moulded into forms. He would long to pour out his soul in song, though no ear listened.

And yet art loves recognition and sympathy, and herein it is again divine. Devoted to relation it cannot be egotistical and solitary. "No true artist creates a work without desiring to have it seen and appreciated. It is the purpose for which outward form is given." Is not this the same purpose for which the spirit is incarnated in form, that it may be seen and appreciated? Everywhere we find response, the echo, the reflection, and religion makes God delight in the answering love which comes back to Him.

Nor can we conceive of any possible future for the human spirit in which art, the expression of spirit in beauty, shall not be a necessity and a delight. In higher and higher forms, but in the same spirit, the human soul will always commune with God and pour out its responsive recognition in fitting language.

"What know we of the blest above
But that they sing and that they love,"

was written lightly, but it has a deep meaning.

At the same time that we complain of the decay of faith and the decline of piety, we hear that art is a thing of the past, and that we can never hope for its revival in our own age and country. Were the one true, the other would be also. If science destroys religion, if to use the instrument God has given us, with earnest purpose to search out the truth of his works, is to blot out reverence for him in our hearts, then it will be fatal to art, for it will destroy the relation of God and man and nature. But we who believe that we may approach God as truly through science as through the imagination, and who find that every revelation of nature's wonders but deepens our sense of spiritual unity and life, cannot doubt that art must have fuller and richer development for every new growth of the mind.

Doubtless many enchanted with the colossal grandeur of the Egypt- •

The Radical.

ian, thought the lightness and beauty of Greek sculpture trifling and meaningless. There are those now who think that all beauty was lost with Greece, and that Christian art, though in the hands of Raphael and Correggio, has added nothing but a mawkish sentiment. Others believe only the Catholic church can foster art, and that the clear light of the Protestant day is fatal to it. The empty forms of religion will give us but the shell of art, but that which man really believes of God and man and nature, that his imagination will express in forms of beauty as long as he is man and related to all above and around and beneath him.

We may reject every form which religion has outgrown, the miraculous Son of God, or the immaculate Madonna, but if we believe in humanity and in womanhood, we shall express that faith in new forms.

We cannot find either in the Venus of Greece or the Madonna of the Catholic church the modern ideal of woman. The woman of Dante's vision and Goethe's poem, of Channing's song, and Margaret Fuller's thought, but already uttered in poetry, this faith in the eternally feminine element of divinity will find fuller expression in every form of art, most of all God grant in that of life. We need a generation who have lived upon the truths of the indwelling spirit of God in man, and the divinity of every human being, until they have become like their daily bread, before these thoughts will be freely and fully expressed in art.

So too the democratic idea seems fatal to art as to religion, but it is only during its destructive, its levelling stage. When it begins to build it must recognize proportions and aspirations, and its temple will be not less high and less fair that its foundations are broader as well as deeper. The art of humanity is to come as truly as the church of humanity. Both must alike be reverent but not servile to the past, both alike hopeful but not impatient for the future.

Art thus like religion leads the soul up to the Divine. In the words of our great painter, Allston, we may speak of God as the great artist. Artist in pouring out his spirit in myriad forms of beauty. Artist in holding all truth in harmonious relation. Artist in seeking sympathetic response to his creative thought by expression. "He is not lonely, always giving and never receiving," like his image which the savage worships, but in his loving and joyful relation to the universe which he has created. Father and mother of us all, he needs and welcomes our love, and is one with us as we may become one with Him.

E. D. CHENEY.

B A R N A C L E S.

I.

"**T**HUS on rocks we all are clustered,
Patient 'twixt the shore and tide,
There by thought divine are mustered
Brineward little hands are plied,
While our weathered shells at anchor,
Beaten, rusted, dull and gnawed,
House and hide the souls that hanker
For the freshening of the Lord.
Leagues of ocean bring the favor
That no eyes of man discerns ;
Secret sense detects the savor,
Builds our house, and in it burns."

II.

A barnacle, forgotten by the tide,
Who hears the insolent laugh of waves afar,
Whose tiny hands may grope on every side,
But empty are ;

To whom comes not one drop of cooling spray,
For whom no friendly cloud obscures the sky ;—
What wonder if he thinks the world is gay
To see him die ?

As gladiators in the Roman cirque,
Mean as they were, yet held a nation's breath,
While ladies smiled upon the dreadful work,
Applauding Death.

The Radical.

So Nature holds a festival-time for him ;
A cruel, curious breathlessness is plain ;
The waves applaud, the rocks around watch grim
His fight with pain.

Poor shell ! and dost thou think indeed for thee
Nature would feel or vengeance or concern ?
No ; the great laws may never broken be,
The tide will turn.

The tide will turn ! but what avail for me !
The tide will turn ! the slow-secure of Fate
Will find me dead when she leads back the sea :
I cannot wait !

Peace ! prating fool ! nor dare to question more,
Die if thou must ; art thou then of such worth ?
Are there no other shells along the shore
Of all the earth ?

LILY NELSON.

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WHAT can be more striking, if we consider it, than the differences of men in native power? We are only not struck by it, because the spectacle is so familiar. Of the duchy of Brandenburg, without harbors, without mineral resources, without natural defences, so sterile as to be fit in large part only for pasturing geese, two kings and a minister have made one of the commanding kingdoms of the earth. On the other hand, a pair of Philips brought down Spain from her proud pre-eminence in Europe to the rank of a fourth class kingdom. One general takes an army and hurls it against the enemy like a stone from David's sling ; another takes an army, and can only hang like a stone about its neck. One man speaks, and his words are edicts ; nature seems to speak with him, and nations run to obey, as if to obey were the only joy they coveted ; another speaks, and only makes us question whether the gift of language be, on the whole, a blessing. Epictetus, a slave, is regal and immortal in the memory of mankind ; men of happier fortune gather about him, and enrich their liberty from that higher freedom, of which servitude cannot deprive him ; Nero is an emperor, from whom men can learn nothing but this, that it is little to be an emperor without being a man. Cervantes, poor, maimed, in captivity, excommunicated, in jail, the butt of fortune, makes more wealthy for all time the consciousness of mankind ; the younger Cicero has, with a fair understanding, every advantage that illustrious parentage, princely wealth, and the first schools of the world can afford him, but education and opportunity are for him only an admirable pump set in a well without water ; the machine works perfectly, but can accomplish only a dry suction.

The American nation was made painfully sensible of this difference during the late war. For a long time it was engaged in accumulating the means of military effect as no nation ever did before ; but the effect refused to be forthcoming. Hosts upon hosts of brave and willing soldiers flew to the battle like clouds upon the wings of the wind ; money was poured out like the waters of Nile in the season of flood ; the material of war was heaped up as in mountains ; but men, money, material were lavished in vain ; we poured water in a sieve,

only to find that all the affluence of the nation's vigor and patriotism could never equal the genius for leakage which somewhere existed. I forget which of the ancient commanders it was, who, being reminded when about to bring on a battle, that his force was much inferior to that of the enemy, answered, "For how many men do you count me, then?" It is indeed true that one man may count for thousands, for or against. History, in one view, seems only a record of the capacity or incapacity of a few individuals. Here was a potent soul; the world became his shadow to chase his steps; the words of his mouth are echoed in empires, cultures, moralities, civilizations; his gestures make the manners of mankind; humanity refuses to know its own spirit otherwise than through him. Here was an impotent soul in a place where power was demanded; after him civilizations crumble; thought, art, morality, manners die. What trails of light or darkness, life or death, do individual men leave behind them! There are those who would find the key to history in race, as Robert Knox, or in physical geography, as Mr. Buckle, nor do I deny the influence of race, climate, and the like; but there will never be a complete science of history until we learn why a man of might was born here and not there,—and this we shall never know. From time to time, beyond anticipation, these vials are unsealed; and at the unsealing of one, behold a white horse, and he that sits thereon, has a bow in his hand, and a crown is given him, and he goes forth conquering and to conquer; another is loosed, and there is a horse that is red, and power is given him that sits thereon to take away peace from the earth. Blot out from the world the few men that have made worships, and what of the history of humanity remains? Take away the few great captains and statesmen; look now at the world, and you will not know it.

Julius Cæsar was a man, for whom I cannot feel Louis Napoleon's admiration; but the excision of him from history would undo modern civilization. He made the Roman empire, when the Roman republic had died stifled by the effluvia of its own corruption; for that it was sick past recovery, no student of history, I think, should deny. Out of the Roman empire came the Roman civil law; out of that the legal ideas of Europe; out of these the course of its political thought; and here in America to-day, we are repeating at the ten thousandth remove the ideas of Roman jurists; take from us what has come indirectly from them, and the diction of our politics were gone. The Roman empire, again, gave the structural idea of the Catholic church; the church was the empire written out in another and

subtler language, the Pope, Cæsar in a different robe, and Augustine the grand legislist of this new dominion. Protestantism came of Catholicism ; Theodore Parker was of the posterity of Luther ; the religious radical of to-day owes in part to Julius Cæsar his opportunity to be. Individual influence is the Hamlet of history ; the drama is acephalous without this. It works indeed under the great structural laws of human growth, as Hamlet also is subordinated to the laws of the drama ; but it is ever the chief figure.

What is the secret of that difference between men which we have signalized ? Or indeed, is there any secret ? Do we not go to the extent of our knowledge in saying that one man is born to be strong, and another to be weak ? one to initiate currents of tendency in history, another to be a chip or bubble on that tide ? It does indeed seem that some are destined from the cradle to be weighty, influential, sovereign ; others to be feather-headed or flaccid. But admitting this to be fact, and the whole truth of the case, we may still perhaps look a little into it, and perceive its nature more clearly.

Partly, no doubt, the difference is physical, one of brain, stomach, blood, temperament. Here is a great brain built solidly, like a Roman coliseum ; there is a small brain, put together with elegant fragility, like a garden summer-house, or perhaps a mere cerebral shanty, through whose crannies all the winds whistle. Here is a digestion, which will derive more nutriment from burdock than another from golden pheasant and venison. Here is a nervous system with exhaustless capital, a bank that never suspends specie payment, and can stand any run ; there one is always hovering on the verge of bankruptcy. Brougham once, it is said, worked from Monday morning to Saturday noon without sleep, and at the utmost strain of his faculties ; then went down to his country-house, and slept thirty-six hours on the stretch, and returned fresh as ever. Another works under excitement for half a day, and for a week afterwards his nights are a tossing, and his days an ague.

I admit that in the bodily make-up of men, as they come into the world, there is vast inequality, which no subsequent care of theirs can level. Though the spiritual endowment of two men be equal, the physical instruments that the spirit works with may show such disparity, that the one will seem to whistle the world to his will, while the other will seem to run in debt for every breath he draws. Think of a match at hewing between a modern ship-carpenter, with his keen, well-tempered broad-axe, and an ancient troglodyte, with only his stone hatchet ! Even that match at hewing we see all over the world

The Radical.

to-day ; the physical instruments with which the minds of men carve their fortunes in life, differ as steel and stone ; this one, with small inward resource, easily cuts his way ; that one, though richly endowed within, finds everywhere to oppose him a material harder than that with which he must work upon it ; the edge of his nerve is turned, and makes no impression. Hercules, armed only with a club, might fall before Tom Thumb, armed with a revolver. It is part of the tragedy and part of the comedy of this world, that those who produce large effects are often found to be so small when you get at them, while those whose effect is little, are found to be of a large spirit. I have seen some of the ordinary great men in my time, and found them very ordinary great men indeed ! On the other hand, in a shoemaker, poor and without prestige, at fifty, I found one of the finest minds I ever knew. It was once my happiness to make the acquaintance of a youth, between whose mind and body there was some unaccountable gap, in which impressions always slumped in reaching him from without, and his thought in going forth, recovering themselves only with some struggle. He long passed with most for an idiot, and was in truth a spirit of rare quality, superior alike in disposition and intelligence. One observes families, in which a wealthy spirit is traditional, and yet which have, generation after generation, only a limited and local weight, because a poor digestion or weak nerve is traditional also ; while other families, not inwardly furnished so well, transmit note and influence merely in virtue of transmitting a tough constitution. The blood of an arctic duck is no warmer than that of a canary bird ; but in arctic waters, where the duck is happy, the canary bird could not live. The difference is only one of feathers and oily secretion, not a deep one, yet with life and death depending upon it. So in the cold waters of human history the coarser nature well feathered and oiled, may ride at ease, while the finer nature may be able to exist only by keeping in the tree tops away from them, or even, save in sunniest latitudes, may be unable to endure out-door weather at all.

I make liberal allowance for this disparity. Nor will I pretend that it is physical only ; the contrary has been assumed. More virtue of mind, more of the pure substance of manhood and womanhood, seems organized into one than into another ; men differ, not only as steel and stone, but as precious stone and pebble. "It is in me," said Erskine after his first attempt and failure at the bar, "It is in me, and by heaven it shall come out." There are some, whose unhappiness appears to be, not that their wit and nobility are locked

in, and cannot come forth, but rather that those were locked *out* at the beginning, and have gone away to seek other lodgings, leaving the house untenanted.

But after a full admission of all such fact, I still think that there is a secret of power ; and that one grand purpose of all culture should be to put each man in possession of it. For, the purpose of culture should be to enable each one to find his resources, guiding him to the fountains of power in his being—to the deep hidden streams, whose supply is perpetual. For this churches should exist ; worship should be a recurrence to the productive, everlasting principles, to the waters of life whose satisfaction is eternal, to man's life hidden in God, an inexhaustible resource. All the terms, which religion has made familiar, imply that each man may open in his nature this conversation with the infinite ; that the infinite intelligence is a bank, upon which each man may draw, and never fail to find assets to his account. Modern culture has departed widely from its original meaning, (*cultus*, worship) ; for the most part it signifies at best only the setting of a pump in a well already prepared, and enabling one to express himself. It should be a digging down to that fountain of truth, which, as Antoninus declared, is in every heart, and needs only to be reached. How to obtain expression is a subordinate question ; how to obtain impletion is the grand inquiry. It is not to be obtained by mere acquisition of knowledge, mere pouring in water from above, but rather by penetrating to the living waters, making our well artesian, if need be. This one may do without going to college ; what is best, is for all, if they will have it ; the deeper that culture becomes in its idea, the more popular and general it may be. And in the service of this culture, at once higher and wider, we can do nothing more to the purpose than to disclose, if possible, the secret of power.

What this secret is, we shall best learn, perhaps, by examining the life and doctrine of those, whom all the world confesses great. And first of all, the highest known example. I open the gospels of the New Testament, and find the Son of Man urging upon his disciples, as of prime importance, a right SIMPLIFICATION of life. He eliminates the thousand subordinate cares, care for food, raiment, and the like, which with so many, become the chief concern, making their lives mixed, compound, confused, heterogeneous ; and bids them place before themselves simply and solely the absolute end of life, the kingdom of God and his righteousness. In other words, he urges a simplicity of purpose corresponding to the rightful order of man's being. This simplicity, he says, the nations have lost ; what should be first,

The Radical.

is not first ; their being has become a Babel, a medley of contradictions and half purposes ; and there is no help for them till they rightly simplify. What he counseled he was, and might justly say, "learn of me." Here was an eye that looked straight toward the absolute end of human being, with dimless, changeless vision ; and because his eye was single, his body was full of light ; because he spoke from the centre, he spoke with authority, and not as the scribes ; because his soul was divinely simple, it was a soul of power.

Turn to Paul, next after his Master the grand propagator of the Christian evangel ; and you find a reflection of this simplicity. He was appealed to as arbiter in many lesser matters ; he refused to know them, refused to complicate his labor. "I determined to know nothing among you but Christ Jesus and him crucified." That purity of purpose is the secret of his power. After long wandering and famine, he had reached at last the place where his being was fed, and where he knew that many others, famished with hunger as he had been, might also find sustenance. To make known these resources became the work of his life, his thought by day, his dream by night ; for no vain pleasure of arbitrating and playing sovereign among men — a pleasure that so few can resist — would he turn aside from it for a moment ; and in that simplicity of devotion he was influential beyond calculation and eloquent beyond the scope of words.

Turn to Socrates. A voice had spoken in his soul, he obeyed it, he would do nothing else but obey it ; he was irresistible. Irresistible because not only was his action simple, but his heart remained simple in the midst of it. Poor, he was neither ashamed nor proud of his poverty ; meeting contradiction, he had no arrogance to be provoked ; incurring contempt, he lacked the vanity that should be irritated ; victorious in dispute, he forgot to be elated. It touches one's sense of humor to see how vain against him are all the ordinary weapons and means of offence ; there was nothing in him for them to hurt. When contumelious terms were heaped upon him, he knew of them only that they were not to the purpose. A man utterly imperturbable because utterly simple in his devotion to ideas. Now, there are men who exhibit a high devotedness, and yet mix their devotion with self-regard. Encountering contradiction or contumely, they grow red in the face ; self steps in between them and their idea ; their retort is biting, and therefore, perhaps, takes all the more with the crowd ; but in that instant they are inwardly weakened, the eye perturbed, the vision clouded, truth in some degree hidden ; and as this doubleness of mind becomes habitual, they lose the ability to see

purely. That is what ails us ; that is the sickness, and makes the impotence, of human intelligence, a doubleness, an impurity behind the eye, that goes into and thwarts all its vision ; and I find it the secret of Socrates that here once more in the world was that, which is well nigh the rarest in the world's experience, a single eye.

Look again to Epictetus. His whole doctrine, his whole life, in other words, is a piece of simplification. Man is master of his will, he says, and *master* of nothing else ; let him take care of what is his own and leave the rest to be as it can be. "Our whole resource is to distinguish what is *ours*, and what is not *ours*, what is right and what is wrong."

"Betray a secret. 'I will not betray it ; for this is in my own power.' 'Then I will fetter you.' What do you say, man ? Fetter me? You will fetter my leg ; but not Zeus himself can get the better of my free will."

"What is it that disturbs and terrifies the multitude ? The tyrant and his guards ? By no means. What is by its nature free cannot be disturbed or restrained by anything but itself. But its own convictions disturb it. Thus when the tyrant says to any one, 'I will chain your leg,' he who chiefly values his leg cries out for pity, while he who chiefly values his own free will, says, 'If you imagine it for your interest, chain it.'

"What, you do not care ?"

"No, I do not care."

"I will show you that I am master."

"You ? How should you. Zeus has set me free. You are master of my carcass ; take it."

There is the whole man. His greatness is his simplicity of spirit ; his philosophy is all and only a masterly piece of simplification.

It was a law of Thebes that military commanders should hold for a year only, and that he who did not surrender his command on the day appointed, should forfeit his life. When Epaminondas and Pelopidas were marching at the head of a great army to break the tyranny of Sparta, they had already proceeded far into the enemy's country, and saw success surely before them should they keep on, when their term of office approached its end. Their friends advised them to retreat, and give up the campaign ; but they concluded it more important that the foe should be humbled, and Greece rescued, than that their own lives should be preserved. Here again was a noble simplification of purpose ; and we do not wonder that two such men should make a city great.

The Radical.

Some one referred in the presence of President Lincoln to a biting censure, which had been passed upon him in an influential newspaper. He had not seen it, nor wished to know of it, and stopped the man's mouth by adding, "I carefully avoid reading what is said of me in the papers, knowing that I cannot please all, and fearing lest by reading criticism that I know to be unjust, yet to which I cannot reply, I might become irritated, and allow my policy to be dictated in part by private feeling." I know of nothing in the man's whole history that is more heroic, or that goes farther to explain his influence, than this vigilance to preserve his simplicity of purpose. It is the gaping ears of these Americans that destroys them. Every salient action makes, through the press, such a prodigious, confused reverberation, that so soon as one attends to that, he can do little but dance attendance upon his own echoes. Our institutions have the effect to induce in public men this perpetual, ruinous harkening behind them, which corrupts their simplicity; and as they, by our wise contrivance of indiscriminate suffrage, must hear behind them, not only the mind of the country, but its mindlessness also, there is reason for the fact we all observe, that no nation this side of Turkey has a more double-minded and feeble statesmanship than ours. The late war was the glory of the people and the disgrace of the government; for never did a people lavish blood and treasure with less stint, nor ever a government put them to less use. This doubleness and inconstancy of mind brings me sometimes near to a despair of our politics. A friend of mine lately called upon a prominent member of Congress, who has been among the most conspicuous in urging the course of legislation for the South, which Congress has adopted,—legislation against which I have been compelled to protest as short-sighted,—and was coolly informed by him that they were now going to "throw over the nigger and attend to practical interests." That is American politics; that is the ever-running sore, which we must find a salve to heal, or die of it.

Simplification is, then, the secret. He that can rightly simplify has the magician's wand. Command me to the man who sees where the nail is, and hits it on the head. Distraction is the devourer. Even he that simplifies downward, and bends himself undividedly to an inferior purpose, will command effect, and is chiefly the man to be feared. But he who simplifies, not as nature does, but as she forbids, makes nature his enemy, and hides a contradiction in his own being. Powerful and mischievous for a day, he is impotent to-morrow and forever. Simplify your being according to its true order, then you

row with the tide, the tide of eternity, and even a feeble stroke carries you far.

There is in almost every man force enough, if not for what the world applauds as eminent prosperity, yet for all true success, were it only pure force. Unhappily, too often it is so mixed and counteracted in us, that our life is but a neutral salt between an acid and an alkali. We are like ships that hang in the wind with the topsails aback, pressed both ways, and going neither way. It is waste that makes want, in the soul as elsewhere. As no railroad can be so thronged with travel but ill management will make it a poor property, so there is no productivity of nature but a bad economy will bring it to naught. Simplicity of spirit conserves, makes action return to feed its own roots ; begin to divide or dissipate, and there is a run upon your bank, which will break it in the end. What avails it that a fine crop is raised, if it be all destroyed in the field by mice and other vermin, so that only straw comes to the garner ? Keep no such aids to unthrift upon your estate. Make war with traps and terriers upon the vanities, the timidities, the self-flatteries, and sordid wishes, that devour your spiritual substance, for these are the prodigalities that bring penury.

It is not mere force that is so greatly needed. The force that draws up the sap of an oak, whose branches shall one day be timbers for a ship of the line, is perhaps at any given moment trifling. A very little inevitableness is better than much power to push and pull. If a man be entitled to say with Luther at the diet of Würms, "Here I stand ; I *can* do no other," have an eye upon him, for of him something is to come. Now, a perfect simplification of spirit makes action inevitable ; the man acting in entire wholeness does only what he must do ; and while he is acting so, nature is his backer, and he her mouthpiece ; then his words are charms, and his deed casts fine threads and meshes of attraction about all hearts. We feel this in reading the words of all truly biblical men. Always there is the inevitable tone. They speak what they must, and because they must. Their words are vital as heart's blood ; their conviction is no shallow estuary, in which a sloop may run aground, but an unsounded sea, heaving with the hope of a universe ; and in their voice we hear day unto day uttering speech, and night unto night showing forth knowledge, the primal, eternal language. As of old so forever ; always there is a "thus saith the Lord" hidden in every word, which proceeds from a perfectly pure, total, and therefore inevitable, conviction. All grosser power is flaccid and abashed before this speech of

entire souls. Through the Bible, our school-bred Christendom bows in modesty, these many centuries, before the inspired simplicity of untaught men ; confessing in their words an efficacy, that no studied eloquence can attain. Could we but learn as well as reverence !

If now we inquire concerning the means of attaining the quality I praise, I say first, be sure that you seek this nobility for its own sake, not another thing by means of this. Does one desire influence, fame, place, command, that he may be set above others ; and would he seek the quality of spirit here commended, for the power it will give him to secure these advantages ? He is already double, and defeats himself at the outset. One who sets his whole desire upon office and eminence, may attain them, if he be powerfully organized, and have the trick of the time, neither seeing too much nor too little, and if wind and tide happen to favor. He will do what he can do ; I do not concern myself about him. There is no precept to make all uppermost ; and his is an inferior nature whose main wish is to be uppermost ; but there *is* a precept, by which all may be lofty, and may look down upon all eminence of place as the heavens look down upon Alps and Andes. This is the beginning of culture, that you prize what is absolutely and eternally precious. Cut loose, once for all, from the materialism that engrosses and bewilders this age. If you can do that, you already give proof of a fine spirit. The scramble only for improvement of outward conditions was never fiercer than in this century, and too often vitiates philanthropy itself. Education is esteemed scarcely otherwise than as means of rising in the social scale. But culture is no longer culture when it becomes a means of worldly advancement. Dare so to respect your own being, that to see your way, to find for yourself the best conduct, to clarify your mind, to strengthen your heart, to fill up and enrich your whole spirit, shall be in your estimation the highest good. There is a miserable self-contempt at the bottom of this seeking worth, not in yourself, but outside yourself, not in what you are, but in your conditions. Believe in the capabilities of your own natural estate. A farmer, dying, told his sons that at a point on his farm, which he refused to indicate, there was a large treasure hidden twelve inches below the surface. He bade them plough for it, but bound them to manure richly, and till thoroughly, every acre they should turn up. After his death, they set to work diligently, and in due time discovered the treasure, not in buried gold, as they had thought, but in abounding harvests. So nature deludes men into deep ploughing and diligent tilth by hopes of place, eminence, outward advantage ; though too many defeat her

purpose by working faithlessly, ploughing without sowing, and leaving the soil bare. But why should you require to be cheated for your good? Respect your being; meet nature half way; cultivate your native soil; be nobly, intrepidly credulous to believe that this is capable to reward your labor. The best is for all, if they will have it; only the half good, *quasi* good, is necessarily for the few. The diamond is but charcoal, the ruby but clay and iron, with their particles arranged by an interior, disposing law. Penetrate your being with insight and law, and be a jewel. Let your life be no mere amorphous aggregation, such as makes pebbles; let it crystalize by its own pure simple law; and in you the clay of our common humanity shall become a thing of beauty and a joy forever. This, then, is the first requisite, a pure aim accordant with the law of your nature.

II. Prohibit waste. In the forests you have perhaps noticed trees from which the vital sap was oozing and forming excrescences here and there; and in the stunted, half dead aspect of the tree have seen the consequence of this dissipation. Now, I have never seen a man whose life was evidently coming to nothing, but I have found him miserably aleak,—running away in compliances, insincerities, timidities, or some form of unthrift. Such seives for carrying the priceless ichors of life!—no wonder they are always empty. And this waste at the surface limits the supply at the centre. Like a leaky kettle set to boil, such a one is always putting out the motive fires of his own heart. The tree that does not contain its vital sap, weakens its roots, and derives less sustenance from the soil. The root makes the leaf, the leaf refreshes the root; and in every man who is living simply and nobly, open to influence, closed to fear, vanity, and all waste, keeping up, like the tree, through root and leaf his conversation with nature and truth; in every such man life runs in a similar increasing circle, making of every deed a new affluent, of every day past a richer day in the future.

John Jacob Astor said it cost him more pains to acquire his first thousand dollars than all his subsequent fortune. But he laid it down at the outset as an inexorable rule to turn his gains into capital, cost him what pinching it might. He could have lived much more easily by expending all he gained; and would so have been a poor man all his life. But he determined that to-day should aid to-morrow; and in that alone found the secret of fortune. Establish a like economy in your inward life; turn your gains into capital, make life simple and self-helpful; and power, wealth of spirit, is yours. You get an inkling of a new truth; but to follow it up will lessen your social acceptance,

injure you with your party, or the like ; you take the easy course, comply, and have your reward in the smiles of fashion, in votes at the ballot box, and in whatever else popular approval may give. Well, you are a weaker and poorer man from that moment. You have gained a decoration and diminished your capital. True, simple action would have planted a new leaf on your boughs ; this have quickened the root ; both together have reared higher your growing stature. Learn of the oaks and pines what is waste, what increase, to avoid the one and seek the other.

III. Take no set of opinions in gross, going over with a leap from one set to another, from conservative to radical, say,—making it your sweeping logic that, if those be in error, these must have the truth. No, keep your centre, preserve poise, conferring with the sincere whenever you can, but growing your belief by a process as vital as that by which the corn makes, first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear.

We run to parties here in America ; and we need minds and men. This business of taking sides, nothing but sides, sets us all sidling, and gives a crab-like movement to our whole intellectual life. I am little likely to enter the Catholic church, but if ever I were tempted to do so, it would be to find a place where each particular cast of opinion is not immediately walled in, while loop-holes are cut, not for convenience of communication, but only to shoot through !

The editor of "The Radical" printed lately a very earnestly studied article, giving some facts little known concerning France under the empire. A superior man of the Radical persuasion protested. "It seems to me," said he, "that it is not the business of 'The Radical' to publish statements for the other side." What other side? I see a few men who love truth with illimitable desire ; others who love truth if it makes for their "side ;" and the latter are the only "other" side I know of.

IV. Finally, learn by going into yourself to go into more than yourself ; learn in self-fidelity to find self-surrender, in inquiry devotion, in reason God. Every heart has the infinite heart for its possible rest and resource : and he who in himself, without blindness, has entered into the eternal, has found what it is to be simple in spirit. When inquiry is prayer, and thought adoration, then the poise of the soul is the poise of divine nature upon its own centre.

D. A. WASSON.

P O S I T I O N.

SHALL the Radical conform? In other words, is the best working position for the reformer within the conservative church organization, or without? We see the body of those who take the name of "Radicals" already dividing itself into two classes, which might properly be named, the conforming and non-conforming class. The conformists would hold position within the old church organization, working in, and through its institutions and methods; *coaxing* the conservatives to accept new ideas little by little, persuading them to adopt new methods and forms. Standing within the old church, they would be an ever-present living prophet, and exemplar of a new religion. The non-conforming radicals would assume a position of complete freedom outside the established church, choosing their own methods, being law and institutions in themselves, believing that in this way the true reformers can best proclaim their gospel, work out their higher law.

The conformists, if we mistake not their position in the old organization, would, by a slow process of substitution, change the whole structure into a new and better. They would pull out an old creed pillar here, a post or beam there, dig up a foundation stone in some place where it won't startle the people, put a good solid Radical one in its place, and so through the whole structure and foundation until a new organization stands complete, fitted for the new spirits. The non-conformists look upon this as a waste of more than half the force; as half the time spent in pulling out old timbers, digging up old stones, in forging, screwing, and hewing to fit Radical timbers into a conservative structure. And, after all the toil and anxiety, it is only a botched, rickety thing; a hybrid church, that has no productive power. They, on the other hand, would make good thorough work from the beginning, by choosing a new spot, laying a new foundation, building a new structure thereon, open enough to let in the freest spirit, large enough to allow it full action while there.

While we hold in great respect many of those who appear to us as conforming Radicals, knowing them to be brave, earnest working men and women, we still believe the position of the non-conformist to be the strongest and most effective. The great objection to working in and through old methods and institutions is the waste of force; their

intricate, rickety machinery consuming the larger part in friction. The conforming reformer cannot shoot his idea straight at the people ; but must send it zigzag through this custom, over that form, so that, when it arrives at the point aimed, it has lost all its force. The question is not so much how hard it hit, but whether it hit at all.

A new idea sent through old church machinery, generally comes out looking so much like a native conservative product that it stands for nothing : the people swallow it, thinking all the while that is the good old gospel preparation.

The conforming Radical lacks the force of free individual Representation. He is lost in the crowd, or, if marked at all, is characterized as a little notional, but all right in essentials.

The first question for the reformer to ask, it appears to us, is this : Will the old forms and institutions fit my idea ? will my gospel work well in and through them ? or have I got to construct new forms.

If the established church institutions are fitted for the new idea and spirit of Radicalism, then it is wise to retain them ; but, if they clog and cramp, will not the free, earnest radical cast them aside as hindrances, fashioning those befitting the new idea and power ?

So long as the reformer remains within the old organism of religious thought and worship, seeking to speak through its established methods, his idea is not half uttered. There is a feebleness in all his action. He seems to say, " My gospel, my law, is higher, more divine ; but I am afraid it is not yet able to stand alone. Just let it lean on the old institution a little until it gets its breath and bearings."

Such an one stands as a petitioner at the old church door, begging permission to bring in under cover his little weak faith, lest it get drowned or stoned to death outside. It represents not the manhood of freedom and faith.

Not only is our utterance clogged and confusing, but the higher voices within get smothered by our conformity to institutions and customs that are dead and useless for us.

In the atmosphere of freedom, our ears grow quick to catch the higher revelations of the Infinite, our eyes learn to detect the finer picturings of nature ; but if we cumber ourselves with the customs and methods of a church asleep in tradition and garrulous over formalities, out of respect for it, the new Holy Ghost cannot find us if it descends. Our ears are dull, our eyes dimmed. The angels of light have flown. All that is left for us is to mutter our old prayers and repeat our fathers' catechism.

He who abides within a conservative church, supporting its machinery though he continually assert his freedom, is despite all his efforts, little by little drawn into bondage. Though he be unconscious, yet the atmosphere tones his blood. It is easy for those outside to detect the change working in his system.

Shall the reformer conform, attend church service, give his money with the crowd, that, so doing, he may not offend, but thereby entice others to worship his God by and by?

Is it not better for him, better for the world, that he worship when and where the Infinite comes nearest to his soul, though it be in the street or woods? If the Sunday church service fills you with *ennui* and indifference, is it better that you endure it, than that you go and worship where the Holy Spirit fills you with new vigor and love?

Is spiritual death in a church better than spiritual life outside?

It is the timid soul that is fussy about popular idols. There is a dearth of living faith in the church, a manifest want of vigor: Can we fill it with new faith, vivify it by lumping ourselves with its faithlessness and inanition? If we can enter such a church, ourselves all aglow with new faith, abounding in the higher forces, sending electric shocks through the people, arousing them to hopeful active life, this would be the noblest heroic work. But to do this one must first be a non-conformist, first finding his forces outside.

It demands the nerve and muscle of the true martyrs, the real hero.

Will not the true Radical, who claims to have a higher faith and better methods, stand aloof from the creeds and institutions of the nominal Christian church; not condemning the old, not in anger or arrogance, but in meekness and charity; stand an upright example of that which he deems higher, more perfect. Let the old decay when it will. True loyalty to the higher law cringes not to the lower. It never says, "I beg your pardon, old church. I should like to live my higher law in your midst, with your permission. I will keep the outward form of your religion, if only you will permit me to preach my new gospel. I will *bow* before your God: for this suffer me to worship in spirit my God." But the free spirit says, Go your way, O church, keep your law, bow to your God. 'Tis well for you so long as you find strength and blessing therein. I, in meekness and charity, will go mine, keeping my law, bowing before the God of my own conscience.

The great work for the reformer seems to be representative, to stand for his law and gospel. To conform that the petty victories of proselyting may be gained, avails little in permanent reform. It is

The Radical.

not so much what the present manifests of the workings of a new idea, that is the true criterion of its reform, but what it insures to the future. The conforming radical may make ten half proselytes to-day, while the non-conforming radical can count not one : yet the non-conformer may plant in the souls of a hundred in a thousand the seeds of freedom and whole faith, that next year may expand into the most heroic life ; while the ten half proselytes of the conformer are still weak, and halting 'twixt the old idols and the new faith.

If we have one fault to find with the non-conforming radicals, it is, that their gospel is too much a product of the intellect. It appears not a hearty child, but a very heady one. It lifts one up into the calm clear spheres ; but, somehow, fervent, loving souls find it a little cold. It turns people out into the unfenced domain of truth, giving the largest freedom, bidding them God-speed onward ; but now these freed souls seem to be wandering around lonely over this great pasture. It is too much the freedom of isolation. Radicalism now appears more like a grand *body* of religion, with the warm, throbbing, loving spirit not yet entered in.

Perhaps this body of radical ideas has not yet grown enough to receive, at least, to manifest, the spirit, which is by and by to be born into it. The work of the future, then, will be especially to call into this growing body, the fitting spirit, that it become warm and lovely : so that it feed men in their innermost natures, making them whole radicals ; not only self-reliant, but sociable ; not only free but sympathetic ; not only strongly earnest, but full of charity and meekness. Yet do we believe there is a common ground whereon all, conforming and non-conforming, churchman, bigot, or atheist, may work, heart and hand together,—the common ground of Christian deeds of love and good-will.

The non-conforming radical, in loving and blessing his enemies, in feeding and clothing the poor and naked, in saving the criminal and outcast, here with all active workers, he may best manifest his higher gospel if he have one. In this way, his ideas, his law, will come to stand for the grand facts of a higher life.

"Work of his hand
He nor commands nor grieves
Pleads for itself the fact,
As unrepenting Nature leaves
Her every act."

W. A. CRAM.

THE SEVENTH.

WIDE sweeps of landscapes under heats,
And cottage-greens, and country seats,
And a far river's glimmering curve,
This happy sabbath noon-time serve
To fill our eyes with summer sweets.

The silent spires upon the hills
No winds dare touch, deep patience fills
The hush of labor in the vale;
In air, the swallows slide and sail,
And shake the blue with happy bills.

The torches of the sumach flame
Against the hillsides in sun-gleam.
Too many flowers are in our way;
So here our languid steps must stay,
In toll for beauty. Who will blame?

We listen to the service given
By nature, latest dream from heaven:
With life as text, what force is here?
Touched by the truth, that never errs,
We bless this dearest day in seven.

In costly pews full many nod,
So firm in faith of rest in God;
And fashion there convenes for show:
But on these slopes, where roses blow,
Is Wisdom, welling from the sod.

And Pride is locked within her bound:
She treads not in this flowery round.
The hearkening hearts of yours and mine
In God's dear harmony define
Religion that will not confound.

A. W. BELLAW.

G R E A T M E N.

"Worth makes the man."

EARLY races of men have worshiped mountains. The Mexican Indian, boasting his descent from the Toltecs, still makes his offering once a year to Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl. Overcome by the grandeur of the everlasting hills, the worshiper, if he has not actually worshiped the mountain, has placed on its summit the temple or the dwelling-place of his god. There is a likeness here of mountains to great men. By some, great men are worshiped; by others, they are regarded as the incarnation of Deity. There is nothing more remarkable in the history of mankind than that intellectual power which has made some men giants, and raised them above the common level. Like the snow-crowned heads of the mountains, too, their loftiest conceptions have ever been lost from our gaze in the mists of upper air. Sometimes in human experience there arises an intellectual giant, who, overtopping the lesser minds of his age and neighborhood, becomes visible in distant countries, just as the peak of Mt. Katahdin is seen from the Summit House on Mt. Washington. Lincoln was seen and appreciated in Europe by the lovers of freedom and equal rights. Stuart Mill looks across the Atlantic and is seen and hailed with delight in America by Phillips and Stevens, and that range of lesser hills whose summits pierce the cool upper air of freedom. They become visible to one another by their common altitude. They seem, by some spiritual force gathered in common from the universe of nature, to have overcome the gravitation of the sensual and selfish world. They are up so high that they are above the attraction of base things; and, as strong muscular men are too brave to strike or oppress the weak, so these truly great men are the first to recognize human rights, and vindicate them. Thus it is with all great thinkers who have *thought* themselves upward, upward, upward clear through the snow-line, and whose heads are now crowned with that pure diadem which is not attainable by the thoughtless. Thus it is that great minds differ so little upon those two great principles of human life,—love and wisdom. This is the reason that the truly great of all ages have recognized the Christ-principle,—the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. This is the reason that thinkers

are so often infidel to church and Bible. They stand high enough to look over the narrow sectarian walls, and they see beauty and goodness outside as well as inside of a church. Beecher stands so high — when he is courageous enough to *straighten up* — that he sees almost as far as Theodore Parker did.

Great men never quarrel. There is an atmosphere about them that forbids it. The quarrels of the sects never arise among the great exponents of truth. It's always the "small fry" who quarrel about dogmas and creeds. The great lights of a church are never hid under any such "bushel." The deepest depths of the ocean are the most silent, and the least disturbed. In the upper air, too, all is silent. At the two surfaces, where ocean and atmosphere touch, is the path of the noisy and terrifying storm. On the mountain-top, rage no such storms as sweep through the valley or over the plain. Your truly great man is never aching for a fight. At the proper time, the lion comes forth from his lair, and smaller beasts cease their brawling. Etna, you know, favors us with an eruption once a century: it is the low mound of the Stromboli that is always spitting and sputtering.

Great men can look backward as well as forward. They have no front door, no back door. There is no "best side" set carefully "toward London." Their windows open out over the gardens of thought world-wide. Like trees that spring up under the hand of nature, they are beautiful to look upon from every side. The great mind draws its food from no narrow store-house. It is as likely to satisfy its appetite from the Socratic philosophy as the Christian revelation. It picks up gems of thought in the Brahmanical writings as you would the diamonds of Golconda, and does not scorn you, either, for playing with your glass diamonds manufactured here at home every day by cramped and creed-bound writers.

The great man's influence radiates like the light of the sun in every conceivable direction. No particular church or people or country can claim him. He belongs to humanity. He belongs to God, and is glorified with him. No nation can monopolize the truly great Lincoln. Austria may claim the misery-making Hapsburg whose crown fell off in Mexico; France may claim his miserable accomplice who sits uneasily upon the imperial throne; China may claim the mandarin who, steeped in the blood of his subjects, seats himself upon the "Celestial" throne, the representative of God on earth: but the *world owns* the Washingtons, the Tells, the Lincolns, the John Browns, the Garabaldis, who struck for liberty of limb; the Luthers, the Wickliffes, the Colensos, the Paines, the Parkers, who struck for liberty of brain.

Great men look backward and forward through the ages. Perhaps none so really appreciate the grandeur of humanity as manifested in the life of Jesus as the cultivated thinkers of modern days. Jesus was too isolated in Galilee and Judea. No one apprehended his moral excellence. The foolish superstitious fishermen of Galilee who attached themselves to his personality comprehended neither the wisdom nor the goodness of his teachings. It takes the great minds of the nineteenth century to understand that truly wonderful personage who has left an ineffaceable mark upon earth's civilization. It is not the masses who understand even now the lesson of his life and teachings. It is the cultivated mind, soaring above the *isms* of our day, that takes in fully the grandeur of that simple life of thirty years in Galilee and Judea. Like Popocatapetl, Jesus is worshiped by the vulgar mind. They see in him, power, loftiness, a peak distant, snow-crowned. They cannot approach him : they fear him. Failing to understand him, they deify him. The Mexican in the valley fires his sacrifice. The smoke of his victim obscures yet more his vision of the mountain god. Even so have the Christian sects obscured Jesus by the ceremonies and ordinances which they create around his spiritual temples. The worth of man or woman consists in their power and willingness to benefit others or contribute to the general fund of human happiness. Of what value is Jesus of Nazareth tied hand and foot, robbed of his power to lead men aright, disrobed of his seamless garment of love for man, made to bear the cruel cross of church adoration, and recrucified daily in the persecutions of those whom he declared his brethren?

I would not pretend to deny the gift of prophecy to the ancient Hebrews. They saw in the future a Christ. It was the Christ of their hope. He came because they wanted him and needed him. The old prophets, in their longing after perfect manhood, pictured to themselves a Messiah who should embody their imagined perfections. The less spiritually minded desired a temporal king. The true prophets foresaw, and prayed for and worked to prepare the way for, the spiritual teacher. Israel needed one more than she did a temporal king. But the hope-lighted vision of moral excellence got blurred by selfish longings for temporal power ; and, when the long-expected teacher came, they did not recognize him. The Christ that came, came in answer to the prayer of the prophet, and not in answer to the prayer of the selfish exclusive men who desired the restoration of the kingdom. Not John the Baptist only, but each and every prophet and teacher, whether Jew or Gentile, was preparing the

way of the master, and making straight his path by cutting down old isms and creeds, and elevating the standard of virtue and moral excellence in the earth. We see things in the future because we so ardently desire them that we work for them. Wendell Phillips is a prophet. He foresaw free America rising above the nations of the earth. He prophesied her freedom, he worked out her freedom. He is the best prophet who desires, prophecies, hopes, and works for some good end.

But great men seem to discern the coming of their kindred great. Confucius away across the Himalayas and the Altais, and across four hundred years of futurity, saw the Nazarene, and foretold his coming. Was it the necessity for such a personage that made Confucius look for one? Did Confucius see the Jewish prophet preparing the way for the coming Son of God in the far West? Was Confucius a prophet of Jehovah, that he should have heralded the coming Messiah? Verily, it was that latent power so little understood by which greatness is known to greatness only.

Confucius, too, towered above the snow-line which limits ordinary reformers. He strove to teach a purer system of morals, and succeeded in reaching the more educated classes among the Chinese, and raising them above the idolatry and fetish worship of former ages. He taught a one pure being as God, invisible save through his manifestations in nature and humanity. He would build no temples to this God whose vast creation was his most fitting temple. He would establish no priesthood to this God whose every creature was an exponent of the infinite wisdom and goodness. He would acknowledge no revelation given long ages ago in obscure places by men no better than their successors. He professed to know God better than his predecessors. This is another characteristic of great men. This, every reformer claims. Jesus called all, who ever came before him, "thieves and robbers." But, unfortunately for Confucius, he failed to recognize the brotherhood of man to the extent of its actual truth. He taught, it is true, the brotherhood of man about as our forefathers did in the Declaration of Independence; but could not, any more than they, put it in practice. Some men who get hold of a truth are unable to apprehend it in its height and depth: others, coming after, recognize more fully the power of that truth, and wonder at what they call the hypocrisy of their predecessors. The signers of the Declaration could not themselves grasp the full import of that initial sentence, "All men are created free and equal," and it is a marvel that they recognized the equality of white men. So Confucius, though teaching

The Radical.

the brotherhood of mankind, treated his wife as a slave. But the great Chinese philosopher fulfilled his destiny. The educated classes in China have to this day accepted his theology, and it is many degrees above the Buddhism of the ignorant caste. What was that man worth to the Chinese? What was Socrates worth to the Greeks? What is Jesus worth to the Christian world? Just what good his example and teachings do toward making the world better. If you look into the history of any nation, you will find that some few great minds have moulded that nation in its infancy, have nourished it in its manhood, and saved it from premature death; and in moulding, building, and saving that nation, in adding a nation to the world, have been benefactors of the whole human race.

True greatness is not of necessity the result of genius. It consists in the absorption of generous principles. Great hearts can pulsate only to generous blood. Great temples may be built of little stones; but they must be granite, and not soap-stone. A little head may contain a very fine texture of brain. A large head may be full of brains of such a coarse, muddy sort that no fire ever flashes out of them. A great head is the one that contains the manufactory of great thoughts. Generosity has ever been a characteristic of the great; such generosity as the widow possessed who threw into the contribution box "all the living that she had." Great hearts are forged on the same hard anvil of poverty. In the woman of Timbuctoo, who, though a fetish worshiper, kindly furnished poor hungry Mungo Park his supper of milk and corn, and sang a song of pity for his homeless condition, true greatness recognizes Christianity as pure as that within the churches. Grace Darling, pushing out her boat from the shore, never reflected whether or no those perishing shipwrecked passengers were Christians. The human brotherhood was a broader church than the Christian church. But there is one grand lesson I meant to teach about great men, and it is this. Like the mountains first spoken of, they stand *pointing heavenward*. No mountain peak, no great man's life and example, point elsewhere than toward the place where we have pictured to our imagination the throne of God. While pointing heavenward, they are of the earth, earthly. They are emblems of the possibilities of our race. Notwithstanding the sand and mud and slime roll down their sides by the torrent, their peaks ever retain the snow-crown, emblem of that purity, which, like the snow, is heaven-born.

DUNCAN G. INGRAHAM.

INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM.

NOMINALLY, freedom is on the tongues and pens of the age ; it is the declared aspiration of millions : yet, as conceived, it is but a misty imagination, little understood, and but seldom really desired. Political freedom is a visionary conception of a power in a people, to control legislation by equal suffrage, which produces no effect on such legislation, and which is itself controlled by the necessity of concert, and the dictation of blindly followed leaders ; and, even if such suffrage was really the source of power, the plain proposition is overlooked, that it is not a participation in government which constitutes the freedom of the citizen, but his exemption from the power of that government, however it is formed. Freedom cannot be the result of peculiar forms ; and the chains of power do not press less severely on the subject because imposed by his own assistance.

If political freedom — as usually understood — is a chimera, is mental freedom any more a reality or a possibility ? That it did not exist until the present age, is the unvarying voice of history : the decrees of sovereigns, ecclesiastics, and churches, suppressed every aberration of thought, and these dictators were themselves enslaved by the terrors of superstition ; and, even now, those views which arise from self-reliant judgment, and disregard of authority, are entertained but by few, and with courage and under obloquy ; and whether, even in these cases, freedom of thought and independence of authority are real and complete, is yet a question.

When this acquiescence in general or authorized opinion is seen, in theological, ethical, or other merely speculative discussions, it is perhaps harmless, may be even beneficial ; but, when applied to such moral or political doctrines, as influence the conduct of men, it is the source of most of the general evils which afflict society, and the most potent obstacle to its advancement or reformation. Error, in a few elevated and liberal minds, is perceptible and removable : error, pervading all people, has the invincibility of fate. As those propositions which seem like intuitive axioms in one land are often totally different from those which seem so in another, we have proof that they cannot be innate, but must be the effect of instruction and imitation ; but why does the unreasoning dogma of the parent or teacher pervert

the natural moral conception of the child? Because the parent, sustained by general sentiment, considers the child necessarily wrong, and to be corrected. And how is correction effected? Not by reason, for the parent has no reason to give, but by appeal to authority. "Everybody thinks so: you must not think otherwise." The habitual suppression of reason, and implicit reliance on authority, is thus early formed; is continued through all after life; grows stronger rather than weaker, in increasing age; pervades all society; regulates theology, science, commerce, literature, and law,—till a new thought, springing from independent judgment, is a *rara avis in terra*, a light shining in darkness, from which so many shield their eyes, and which so many strive to extinguish.

In moral action, however, the dispositions of the child, as well as the adult, though unperverted, do not always conform to the rectitude of nature. The inclinations, passions, and even fancies which sway them, are sometimes wrong or mischievous, and doubtless require restraint: but unhappily, in existing delusions, the corrections applied often implant "tares" as well as "good seeds" of instruction; and the method of such application is generally as injurious as the fault to be corrected. It is not by opening the mind to truth, not even always by representation of consequences, not by pleadings of compassion or affection, but simply by excitement of fear: punishment, even physical injury, pain, is held out to view, and frequently inflicted; and most of the teachings of youth, as well as the laws of government, are enforced on this principle, which is fully relied on for the correction of every wrong-doing that has actually been performed.

Experience shows that this supposed remedy does not remove the evil, even practically; still less does it change the disposition for it. Many persons have now discernment enough to perceive that wrong cannot be entirely remedied by a consequence, or the fear of it; and, more rationally, prevention is aimed at; though still with great delusion as to the method. It has been seen, that not merely conduct, but dispositions, must be influenced; and what has been the method by which this was to be effected? Not at all by rational instruction, to which reformers ever were incompetent; but, assuming the infallibility of authority, the doctrine has been implicit and unwavering obedience to it. We now come to the root of the subject, the great paralyzing spirit which has ever repelled reforming good, and bound mankind into helpless subjection to conservative evil. All men, the wise as well as the ignorant, tell us, that the first lesson to be taught a child is obedience. No matter whether a command given is a good or a

bad one : this the child must not question, but must unthinkingly obey. "No matter," says the judge to the prisoner, "whether the law you have broken is a right or a wrong one : it was your duty to obey it, and mine to enforce it." "No matter," says the general to the under officer or soldier, "that you think the order I give you is a crime : you must execute it, or be punished." The error is, that persons render this obedience not merely from fear ; but as a duty, a moral obligation : it was so taught them in their youth, and has become a conscientious principle in their minds, to the destruction of independence.

The sense of the duty of obedience to a righteous and beneficent law is undoubtedly better than a fear of punishment as a prevention of wrong : but, in a conscientious mind, this sense of duty is not needed ; as conformity to such a law would be paid for the sake of righteousness, without any thought of obligation. But, when action proceeds from the principle of obedience, the judgment of the mind regarding right and wrong is ignored ; and a person is liable to be led into gross criminality or injustice, without perceiving that his action is of such a character. A vast deal of the iniquity and inhumanity practiced in the world, is performed by good people, unconsciously, from the dictation of others ; but let no man suppose (as probably many do) that he is exempted from responsibility for his acts, because commanded by another. No criminal is acquitted in a court of law on plea that his crime was commanded by a master, and neither Scripture nor reason give any intimation that he can thus throw off his responsibility upon any human authority.

When we read accounts of the cruelties and oppressions inflicted by the commands of despotic rulers, or of the hosts dragged unwillingly into war, and slaughtered by thousands, for the support of governmental power or some political purpose, our amazement is, that one man or a few should be able thus to control such multitudes, who do not often share in the motives of their rulers. The physical power of resistance is in their hands ; it is by them only that the despot is enabled to execute his decrees ; their power is given to him for the purpose in opposition to their own interests, and in resignation of their own freedom. To what delusion can this be ascribed, other than the supposed duty of obedience ?

This despotism is not avoided by judicial guards or democratic forms. Where these are instituted, tyranny is only transferred from the few to the many. Custom and public opinion demand obedience as a duty as irresistibly as a monarch. In both cases, the independent moral

judgment of the mind — the most valuable gift of God to man — is resigned to a delusion. It is only when men become so enlightened as to perceive, and act upon their own responsibility, in conformity to their own reason, in disregard of all human authority, and in defiance of directing power, that the greatest evils of communities can cease, and peace, liberty, and prosperity pervade the earth.

J. P. BLANCHARD.

THE FACT OF AN IDENTICAL NATURE.

THIS over-estimate of the possibilities of Paul and Pericles, this under-estimate of our own, comes from a neglect of the fact of an identical nature. Bonaparte knew but one merit, and rewarded in one and the same way the good soldier, the good astronomer, the good poet, the good player. The poet uses the names of Cæsar, of Tam-erlane, of Bonduca, of Belisarius ; the painter uses the conventional story of the Virgin Mary, of Paul, of Peter. He does not, therefore, defer to the nature of these accidental men, of these stock heroes. If the poet write a true drama, then he is Cæsar, and not the player of Cæsar ; then the selfsame strain of thought, emotion as pure, wit as subtle, motions as swift, mounting, extravagant, and a heart as great, self-sufficing, dauntless, which on the waves of its love and hope can uplift all that is reckoned solid and precious in the world, — palaces, gardens, money, navies, kingdoms, — marking its own incomparable worth by the slight it casts on these gauds of men, — these all are his, and by the power of these he rouses the nations. Let a man believe in God, and not in names and places and persons. Let the great soul incarnated in some woman's form, poor and sad and single, in some Dolly or Joan, go out to service, and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent daybeams cannot be muffled or hid, but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of human life, and all people will get mops and brooms ; until, lo ! suddenly the great soul has enshrined itself in some other form, and done some other deed, and that is now the flower and head of all living nature. — *Emerson.*

THE POLICY OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

IN the "Monthly Journal" for June is a paper by the editor, entitled "Policy of the American Unitarian Association," which is an attempt to state and to vindicate the action of the executive board. It was inspired by an article lately written by Mr. Sears in the "Monthly Religious Magazine," in which that gentleman gave as a reason for declining to contribute to the annual subscription, that the funds thus raised went indiscriminately for extending or for overthrowing the Unitarian faith. We admire the spirit that animates Mr. Lowe's reply to this. It is a pleasure to recognize the gentleness and fairness which we knew of old. And we think that he makes some points successfully against the details of Mr. Sears's protest. But he does not shake the principal point ; which is, if we understand it, that a man who believes in a supernatural Son of God cannot consistently solicit funds of his parishioners, who believe as he does, to nourish an executive action that sometimes sustains men who believe in no such doctrine. For that doctrine appears to be a matter of life and death with Mr. Sears ; as much as the opposite doctrine of naturalism is with us. Why should he be expected to contribute money that may help to support men who are tainted with the radical heresies concerning Christ, the Bible, and divine inspiration ? We would not contribute a cent to countenance his supernatural mediator, any more than we would pay Peter's pence, or circulate the documents of Calvinistic tract societies. There are some half-and-half radicals who occasionally get a lift from the executive board : it is possible that they may eventually become entirely conservative or clearly radical ; but their hybridism is perhaps more distasteful to a man of Mr. Sears's strong convictions than our own irrevocable radicalism. If all true radicals were wise, they would imitate the honesty which only demands one thing or the other, and would be thankful to be rid of the *juste milieu*. When a man rises on a platform to say that he is radical in some things, and conservative in others, we may be sure of one thing,—that he is conservative upon the radical point in dispute, doggedly so, and has a tendency to bully with it : while his ethical lib-

The Radical.

erality, and genial, manly sentiments, make him appear to be a very pattern of free thought, in whom liberty is not license ; a man who knows when to bid speculation halt, to conserve all vital and essential truth. Such speculation halts indeed : we may say that it fairly hobbles. It is tied in between the two crutches of miracle and authority, and has not yet taken a single honest stride. Shall I contribute funds towards those crutches ? No more than Mr. Sears shall towards getting them well thrown away.

But we desire to call the attention of genuine radicals to the answer made by Mr. Lowe to our stricture, that the executive board will take in the conservative extreme, and will publish, without hesitation, any of their books ; but that it has not published, and will not, any of ours. We and Mr. Sears would have said that the board cannot, and never should, publish any genuinely radical document ; and that the hybrid kind are not worth publishing. Certainly we think the Syracuse Convention, with its preamble of our Lord and Master, that was implicitly accepted on a supernatural ground, made real radicalism impossible upon the board. The publications of the board ought to sustain the implication of the preamble. They could not undertake to disseminate technical naturalism : they might diffuse many valuable moral and spiritual things ; but if we should go to the board, and say, "use part of the money gathered from the churches to publish our paper on the *à priori* impossibility of miracles, our paper on the universality and sameness in kind of inspiration, our paper on the essential Jesus," every member would button up his pockets, and draw the purse-strings of his mouth into the shape of an unmistakable no ; a good, honest no, with reasons for it.

But Mr. Lowe's answer to the radical stricture upon the action of the board is neither yes nor no. Here it is, in substance. "*What is the conservative extreme?* Unitarianism has broadened ; but not only in one direction. It has gone farther in radicalism than Norton and Ripley, and it has gone in the orthodox doctrine beyond Burnap and Ware, until it would include the liberals of calvinistic sects, like Beecher and Bushnell. So that, now, Dr. Gannett, who was a part of the original nucleus of Unitarianism when it took its first direction, no more represents the conservative extreme than Collyer or Dr. Clarke represent the radical extreme." What is the inference from this statement ? Why, this : that the board does not really represent the conservative extreme, and publish its productions ; for liberal tendencies have traveled beyond. There are other more conservative names whose thoughts the board does not undertake to publish.

Why, then, should it publish things in the opposite direction, that are more radical than Clarke or Collyer?

This is desperate business in the way of defining the policy of the board. It will not publish Parker because it does not publish Bushnell. But it will publish Elliot and it will publish Clarke. Well, Dr. Clarke is as much of a supernaturalist as Dr. Elliot, and the board can run no risks with him. Dr. Clarke is not scientifically a radical, and it is the merest sentimentalism to call him so. But who are Bushnell and Beecher? Is it fair to say that they are the children of the Unitarian movement? Are they legitimate descendants in the line of the original direction of Unitarianism? Do they stand in blood-relationship to Unitarianism as Parker did, and as some other radicals who might be named? Is their liberalism the fruit of technical association with Unitarianism as our radicalism is? Are they Unitarians, or members of the Unitarian Association? Not at all; and it is therefore absurd to parade such names, and to pretend with them that there is an extreme more conservative than old Unitarianism, and that the board cannot publish its books.

In short, the Board will publish the productions of a Unitarian supernaturalist, whether he is real or sentimental, and will venture to play a little with hybrid radicalism. But it will not publish real radicalism, nor even the morals and piety of scientific radicals. Therefore its pretense of impartiality forms a just occasion for our stricture. Let it withdraw the pretense, and our stricture falls powerless to the ground. For we should as soon expect the board to circulate the Pope's Encyclicals as our documents. Perhaps, however, the Pope is another member of that expansive conservative extreme which justifies the board in not going too far in the opposite direction.

JOHN WEISS.

MY TWO QUESTS.

I.

O H, many trees watch East,
And many trees ensnare the West,—
Those to drip with dawning golden,
These to keep the sunsets holden;
Yet of all I love them least
That fail to nod above my quest.

Oh, many hills watch North,
And many in the South are faint,—
Those to hold aloft the clearness,
These to bear away the nearness;
Yet to all I wander loth,
To all save those my longings paint.

Oh, many flowers make sweet,
In many autumn fields, the grass.
Some to old resorts cajole me,
New surprises some would dole me:
None of them can draw my feet,
Save those which smile to see her pass.

Oh, many paths invite
To beauties of the sky and land.
East and West the earth is tender,
North and South bend bows of splendor:
All the paths to me are trite,
Save one that leads me to her hand.

Oh, many days are born,
Both sweet and grave within them stir;
Perfect climes that have for ages
Been to kings and queens the pages:
But for all I have a scorn,
Save those which leap at sight of her.

Oh, many landscapes wait,
Tongue-tied, till thoughts release their word ;
Thoughts like champions that travel,
Captives loose and charms unravel :
Best endowed of all but prate
Unless her mood has one preferred.

II.

Days I've waited for my friend ;
Near yet absent waited He :
Time and chance did not attend,
Nor a look to set me free.

Not a meeting of the eyes,
Nor a touch of hands that groped
Through each hour's dull enterprise
Toward the thrill for which we hoped.

Wainscoted with care the walls
Are past which I feel my way.
Dusk of absence deeper falls :
Still I fumble, still I stray.

At a sudden turn, when least
We surmised our hearts were near,
All the doubt, the strangeness, ceased :
In a moment, dazzling clear.

Solid walls were built of mist,
And our rapture burnt them down ;
And the flash by which we kissed
Seemed a sun for all the town,

Seemed to kindle every hearth,
To consume each doubt and care,
Blaze along the common path,
No reserve or dread to spare.

Thoughts that struggled from the slime,
Nile-bred forms, to gain their feet,
Suited with their perfect rhyme,
Trooping came along the street :

The Radical.

And I breathed them from the air ;
Saw them, armored by sunbeams,
Point their shafts against my care,
Heard them shattering my dreams.

All the house their carol shook,
To my soul their joy gave wing,
Gave my sight an upward look,
Opened it like flowers in spring ;

Into perfume seemed to burst,
And to offer up my heart,
Changing into best my worst,
Into comfort every smart.

Lightly then my straining mind
Threw its ladder to the sky,
Upward ran the morn to find,
See its surf run freshening by.

Gladness was the friend I found,
Sense of something clear and still ;
As the earth in light is drowned,
As in space the highest hill.

All my prose to song sublimed,
All my waiting to this smile,
Hung, without a flutter, rhymed
In the heaven's perfect style.

Did my life indeed ascend,
Or some life sink down to me ?
All I know, it was my Friend :
Name it ? shape it ? Let that be.

JOHN WEISS.

EDITORIAL.

OUR PURPOSE RE-STATE**D****E**

WE desire to repeat a statement concerning THE RADICAL, which has several times appeared, but which seems not yet to be by all understood. It is our purpose to deal with any question of radical interest, and to offer the writer the largest freedom of expression his subject suggests to him. We have no cause to defend which is not best defended by free thought: we mean this absolutely. It would seem unnecessary to emphasize this but for these reasons. There is so much allegiance professed to free thought, and so little to be relied on, and the tendency is so strong in this country in opposition to it, that we desire to be held responsible, not merely for the naked profession, but also for an emphatic protest in its favor.

We see enough of the wrangle of parties, of the partisan prejudice even of radical and liberal thinkers, and of our own shortcomings in that direction, not to desire to maintain a position of independence for each and all who contribute to the columns of this journal. If it be possible to err on the side of freedom, we wish deliberately to commit that error.

We have been scolded for printing several articles; in one instance, because of *supposed* immoral tendency,—the writer urging us to “severest morality.” It is our opinion that all such people are more scared than hurt. Our choice would be for the morality that is not severe, but healthy. Many have a weakness for being reverent; which is, in our opinion, often the worst of irreverence. A man who is not reverent enough towards his own thought to state it, is not a fit person to help other men think and live. We do not look for the concurrence of our friends in all we say or do. We look only for their pleasure to be increased by every inch of ground that is added

to the area of intellectual freedom. We do not expect the general approval of the public. Be that as it may, we hope that all who desire to write for THE RADICAL will aim to get at *the truth of things*, and permit the popular prejudice of party or sect to flow and ebb as it may.

"RADICALISM DOES N'T PAY."

IT is reported that Rev. George H. Hepworth, of Boston, instructs the students of the new "Boston school for ministers," that "radicalism does n't pay." We suspect that Mr. Hepworth learned this lesson from THE RADICAL. On the cover of one of the early numbers may be found the sentence,— "Radicalism never did pay large dividends." We have no objection to his borrowing this idea (if he did), but should regret exceedingly his making use of it to persuade young men from following in good faith their radical tendencies. That would be a perversion of the fact to base uses. We shall acquit him of any deliberate design of this sort. At the same time, we do not hide from view the more important truth, that radical dividends are *not* by any means large, so far as *script* is concerned. And we wish Mr. Hepworth may be further reported to have charged his school — the majority of which, it is said, are turned towards radical views — somewhat as follows :—

Yes, young gentlemen, radicalism does not pay. The sober, solemn fact abides from one generation to another. The men who calculate on a money-speculation, or on fine livings coined out of radical work in opposing the shams and follies of society, count without their host. Society don't pay for what it don't want. Society don't want the *best* until the poorest is worn out. Radicalism looks to the few, and for most part to the poor. Young gentlemen who do not understand this had best stay in the old ways where custom has given other, less costly wares a higher value and current circulation. The "great crowd" follows not after those who set them hard tasks. Radicalism means a thorough work. It is a call upon every individ-

ual to work out his own salvation, by depending on the truth as it is in his own mind. This is no holiday sport. Rather is it the most difficult, as it is the noblest, duty of man. So prone are we all to compromise our higher integrity—the integrity of the soul—by accommodating our thoughts and our lives to the tone and temper of the society by which we are surrounded! How base is this disloyal attitude! yet how all-pervading is the disposition to assume it! You may see this on every hand; in the pulpit, and out of it: you may see men who are followers of fashion, of custom, of luxury, of fame; men who live in the whirl of things, and have no repose in their own natures. How can such men serve any true reform? Should they not plant themselves first on their own self-reliance before they preach this high—shall I say *Christian* gospel? Assuredly; they must have this radical self-reliance, this dependence on the wisdom of God revealed in their own minds. Except a man hath this trust, he hath nothing. What do we not owe to the Mind? Who that distrusts the Mind, the faculty which he has of perceiving truth, hath any guide for his life? Radicalism, young gentlemen, puts the intellect of the world on firmer feet. It cuts the cords that have bound it, and gives it freedom. It saith to the sick, breaking heart, "Take up thy bed, and walk."

But this speech is an accommodation. The remedy, the cure, of the world is the culture of the Mind. The cold intellects are those without culture. There is heart enough in the world, there has always been; but it has lacked scope, direction, application, connection,—may I say, to borrow a *transcendental* phrase,—connection with the universe. It needs to be cleansed, vivified, worked; put under the inspiration of thought, put to the test, tried as by fire! The Intellect assumes this prerogative. "The pure in heart *see*." As the Mind advances in its order of development, the wise avenues are opened through which the pure heart flows to irrigate the world. Preach for the Mind! All defects are reached through that channel. Sin is a low thought usurping the throne. Put it to rout by a higher. Consolation that flows not through the mind is poured through a sieve. Empty is the heart that

holds no thought ; wrecked, miserable, lost ; without guide or compass, sundered of all hopeful connections. Give it intellectual unity, and it is sufficient as the Lord himself. Believe me, young gentlemen, radicalism comes in this age of the world to wed the Heart to Intellect ; to celebrate this union for every man and woman ; to say, male and female are in every soul ; let man be woman, and woman man ; let each become both ; let sex disappear ; let there be Mind. Mind is light and strength and peace.

But this is not popular. It does n't pay in *script*. Nevertheless, in the name of the *living God*, I charge you to PREACH IT.

UNITARIAN CRISES.

THE conciliatory tone of the recent Unitarian anniversary meetings is worthy of remark. To people who look upon Unitarian affairs from an outside view, the spectacle is one of interest : more than that, we are all enough concerned in any phase which the liberal movement may assume, to study its meaning.

We say, then, that the position of the Unitarians in this country at the present time is instructive. The history of their movement in its earlier stages was full of promise : in its later developments, it has been full of warning. It shows how a large and free purpose may become circumscribed and steadily narrowed, until it ends in the loss of all which gave it a title to respect. That the Unitarian denomination has thus passed from the free, open seas of truth, where the voyage was begun, into the narrow channel of sectarian progress, there is no longer left any room for doubt. The fact is not surprising. Indeed, it would have been a matter of surprise, considering the drift of events in our country,—sweeping everybody and everything into party ranks,—had it been otherwise. What it did in former days, was well done. There was a grand beginning. “The past, at least, is secure.”

The spirit which animated the pioneers we may delight in. Dr. Lyman Beecher once declared that he would follow truth if it led him over Niagara Falls. The same spirit was abroad among the liberalists of fifty years ago, its course untrammeled. Individual men spoke for themselves. They held their own faith, their own speculations, their own theological opinions. It is nothing to their discredit if we say that the fifty years of progressive thought, since, have shown many of their speculations and opinions to be crude, half-statements of fact. Let that pass. They possessed the liberty of men who were reverent towards truth. They respected each other's freedom. Happy for all concerned, had the same spirit flourished to this time! But that was too much to hope for. The moment it began to show signs of promise, to increase, and make itself known as a new creative power in the new world, it was seized upon, in true American fashion, to be manipulated and worked by the mechanical agencies of a party. Party interests required a dogma. The wings of the free spirit must be clipped. The point of interest became the "body." The larger this body, the better. It must become a body without wings. It must take to itself legs. It must waddle in the mud. That is to say, such is the tendency of every movement for which a body of men become responsible. It soon becomes a movement to be made only by forced marches, carrying nothing but husks for its burden. And to this general rule Unitarianism has proved no exception.

What we see now in the attitude of the many good-meaning people, who appear so much to desire the success of this Unitarian enterprise of to-day that they can scarcely tolerate a friendly criticism, is, a great and overweening pride in their present intellectual and spiritual attainment. The assumption at the meeting referred to, whether modestly put forth or otherwise, was wholly to the effect that the denomination was *now ready to act*. The words of perhaps the wisest man on the platform were, "We are prepared to do this work as no other persons are. . . . We have doubted, and are better prepared to deal with those who doubt. . . . We have sifted the wheat from the chaff, and have found, thank God! that there is wheat. . . .

The Radical.

We have tasted that the Lord is God, and that Jesus stands in grandeur and beauty as chief in this lower world ; our guide, our example, our Saviour." Speculation had done its work ; doubt had done its work ; denial had had its range, and should now come home, and be quiet. The country, East and West, was open for new parishes ; but there were no more open questions of theology or religion that need be disturbed. It was time to "put the philosophy of religion in abeyance, to set it aside, and attach themselves to the *vitalities* of religion." It was a time for "work."

To this end, both radical and conservative brothers were admonished to develop points of likeness. They admonished each other, we should say ; but for the fact, according to Mr. Secretary Lowe, that no genuine radicals or conservatives were present. Messrs. Bushnell and Beecher were absent from the one side, and Messrs. Frothingham and Weiss from the other. But all who were in attendance stood up for an "era of good feeling,"—a genuine *working* era, such as the denomination had never before known. We call to mind the old admonition against engaging in *many works*, and neglecting the *weightier matters of the law*; and cannot but see that it applies to this body of Liberal Christians with its original force.

The tone of the meeting showed that the Unitarians have no longer any disposition towards a movement of thought. As we have stated, thought for them has done its work. They have their one article of belief,—their dogma of the Lord Christ ; and with that they mean to "work,"—build churches, found colleges, divinity schools, and Christianize the country. In this connection may be quoted the plea which one of the speakers, hailing from the valley of the Connecticut, made for "dull preachers." He was satisfied that they had now got the machinery of the denomination in perfect running order. What they most stood in need of now, was "*steam in the boiler*." For the supply they must depend on "dull preachers," because such, as a rule, make the best pastors : they are the men for "work," and are less liable than the more gifted to interfere with, or object to, the use of a denominational machine. As with the organ-players of the streets, it is coming to pass that the best evidence of a

"call" for the Unitarian ministry is a willingness to turn the crank.

But all this is not to be brought about without difficulty. Nor is it fair to suppose that there is a general agreement to the new system. Off the stage, behind the scenes, probably all does not appear as when dressed up for the occasion by general concessions and good feeling, and presented there under the glow of rhetoric. There undoubtedly is, as one of the speakers intimated, a *crisis*. Said Dr. Dewey :—

"In this world's affairs there are always crises: there are in national affairs and in moral affairs always crises. There are crises that are invisible as well as visible; crises that are spiritual as well as political. Our first great political war in this country was for freedom, our second for union. Our first great spiritual war, fifty years ago—I mean the Unitarian controversy—was fought for liberty: our second is fought for union; to save our own holy religion from denial and revolt; to reconstruct the scattered provinces of religious thought into a new order; to combine anew all spiritual forces; to protect them from disintegration and destruction; and, if I may say so, to preserve ourselves as a Christian body; to keep this little advanced army of the Christian world from going all to pieces."

The weak point of this programme may be stated to be, that it inaugurates a war for union at the expense of liberty. It presents a new and unpromising front to the world of ignorance in which it would labor. It dispirits you with the dread spectacle of a new sect started out to do something *for* the world, and bids you look elsewhere for men and women who are yet content to labor *with* the world, thinking to advance their own and the popular standard of intellectual worth; to shed *light* in full faith that the heart of man is prone to good as light is diffused.

This "little advanced army of the Christian world" may not, indeed, go "all to pieces"; but its influence upon the rest of mankind must steadily decline in consequence of their larger needs and higher aspirations.

" HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

DURING the progress of the Abolition movement, there was always a class of people who said, "Oh, we are *Abolitionists*. But, then, there is reason in all things : we don't go as far as some. But we believe in the *principles* of the movement." That was their mistake. They did n't believe in anything of the kind. They believed in their position in society, in their bread and butter. They were known by the out-and-out Abolitionists to be the worst foes the cause had. To parry their influence for evil was by far more difficult than to destroy that of its open enemies. The deadliest foes Abolitionists had were they of their own household ; men professing to be the negro's friend, but never ready to step out of the beaten track of "established law" for his defence. When Garrison burned the Constitution, none were more extravagant than they in expressions of horror. They could see Burns returned to his "master," and say, "It is to be *regretted*, but we suppose it must be so. It is in the bargain." But when the foul bargain itself was burned to ashes, that human nature might be vindicated, it was, for them, "going too far."

"History repeats itself." To-day men say, "Oh, we are radicals ; that is, we believe in going to the *root* of things, but not in tearing everything up by the roots. We will dig down and remove any evil thing preventing the growth of the tree ; but," &c. The reader is familiar with this strain of remark, and doubtless is able to value it at its small worth. These men are honest. At least, they and we think so. But go to the *root* of their *quasi-radicalism*, and you will find that the evil thing preventing their growth is some pet institution, some usage or expectation of society, which never allows them a full, fair, clear look at the truth. They have some elephant on their hands, which would not be so great an evil if they did but know of its being an elephant. But, alas ! to them it appears none other than the very "lamb of God ;" and so they nurse it, and mourn lest the poor thing should die. The church is more than the truth. They are radical ! oh, yes ! but shall they trample on tender affections ? Shall they not rather rebuke the "ruthless

radical" that does? Yes, they shall; for they must. Gushing tenderness is their forte.

Now what would seem most becoming for such, and be, too, more in harmony with the "great work they are called on, in the providence of God, to do," is, to *stick to their forte*. Radicalism is not honored by their tribute. It is not helped by their half-minded efforts. It stands in no need of their goodyism. It is rather hindered and traduced by their palaver. It does not care to go into tears, nor put on mourning; nor, on the other hand, to deal too lavishly in little things that are "funny" or "lovely." When all men say, "He is a good radical, one who builds, and sees all sides, and is tender and reverent towards the old superstitions," the probabilities are that he is no radical at all. He may have adopted some radical ideas, but he has so set them in frames of the old style, and adorned them with familiar and fashionable trimmings, the gorgeous frame is all that is heeded. His half-faith is a blind guide both to himself and the people, and it is more probable that his seeming adoption of radicalism is more a seeming than a reality; for in this as in other matters there is nothing real or safe for a man who puts his hand to the plow and looks back. Even the love of humanity, which sometimes prompts him, has not saving merit enough for a compensation. It is a blind love, a cruel tenderness, for which there is no outcome but a forgetting and a "pity."

The radical should know, that now, as ever, if he does any real work, or utters any decisive thought, the world at large will have no compliment for him. Nor will he care. His appeal is not to the passing hour, nor to the passing whim of "this age." If at any time he says, "this age demands," &c., he means to state what the *need* of This age is, what its position in history implies, and not that there is a cry from the masses, already on their lips, for the chief good. They know not what they want, nor what they do. They are struggling on a low plane for the mere pittance of a living. Out of breath, no time for aught but fashion. This is as true of the wealthy, so-called, as of the poor; even more so. They build our elegant churches, because that is the cheapest and least offensive way by which they can save their souls. The poor save theirs,

for most part, by staying at home. It is a sober judgment that pronounces this course the most wise.

But it may be said of all classes in America, as yet, that the force of events, the unspent energy of the old first Revolution, is carrying them on, in spite of obstacles strewn in their path by church and state, towards the goal of the better promise. There is need only that such as have risen above the surface of the conservative's love of present good things should "stay put." With no desire to sink back, but a strong, hearty goodwill towards men for their assurance and determination, they may serve, not only this time, but all time hereafter.

THE "LEGITIMATE INQUIRY."

IT is just as reasonable to believe that God once interposed in the ordinary and apparent course of nature, for the sake of revealing his will to man, as that he originally created him. The only legitimate inquiry is, Did an occasion arise worthy of his interposition? — *Mr. Muzsey in the "Monthly Religious Magazine."*

M R. MUZZEY goes on to declare, "that to assume that no such exigency has arisen," as he has suggested above, is "clearly unreasonable." He is himself a *rationalist*, and *his* rationalism conducts him to a period in the past *worthy* of God's interposition. On that special occasion, God revealed his will to men. Somewhat more was demanded of him than to continue satisfied with the "ordinary apparent course of nature" he had projected at the start. He must bestir himself now, and do a great work. Mankind were at their extremity: it was God's opportunity. How poor and unworthy was the natural and ordinary course of affairs! how inadequate for a revelation of his will! how poor a thing was the human reason as a guide in the discovery of truth, or of the laws on which the universe was depending! There had been ample time to demonstrate this. Man himself had discovered to his sorrow what a helpless creature he was,—he could look abroad on all nature besides himself, and see that it was working well; the birds of the air were happy, and always knew just where to

go, and what to do ; the beasts of the forests flourished after their kind, and were content : but man was ever at his wit's-ends, ever in trouble, ever in some "last ditch." "Wherefore ! O Lord ?" he cries from the depths of despair. At length, the Lord of heaven and earth concludes that his time has arrived. Now the "occasion is worthy."

But this interposition must be of a character not to be confounded with the ordinary manifestations of nature. It should appear as something more than a possible human transaction. If a mere human being should say the things which God had it in his mind to say, in the ordinary speech, and under the ordinary circumstances of the time, what heed would the people give his revelation ? None. They were hearing similar things every day. He had nothing particularly new to tell them. What they needed was an *assurance*. They wished to know of him if certain notions they had already conceived were actually true, and good to be depended on. He saw that they had discovered, or that the most knowing of them had, about all there was to reveal. The ordinary course of affairs — their reason — had served them thus far. Their reason failed them in not being able to confirm its own discoveries. When, for instance, Rabbi Eliezer said, "He who enjoys too much in this world is in danger of losing the next," they could not be certain whether that was true, or no. Rabbi might be satisfied, but how did he know ? He could only *think* so. What of that ? Some one else might *think* differently. Another might say that there was no next world at all. He might also affirm, that he who enjoys much here in this world shall enjoy very much more in the next, provided there be one. Who could be sure of truth where this conflict of opinions was inevitable ! There must be an appeal to a higher than human authority. God alone could facilitate them in their controversy, and put an end to it.

The prime question with God must now have been, how to make his appearance on the stage, and accomplish his purpose.

It may strike some as touching on irreverence to suppose that the Infinite Creator could hesitate at all as to his modes of operation. But such should reflect that to all appearances he is circumscribed even more completely than they are themselves. He has entire regard for the inviolability of laws, and

in our time, certainly, varies not a hair's-breadth from a uniform action. He seems intent on inspiring his children with respect for him, on unfolding in them a perfect trust of him, a belief in his consistency of purpose. Not for all his love will he listen to our petitions that would swerve him from his ordinary morning and evening course. He dwells in silence. He will not utter a word. But by his silence he speaks most effectively to still our cries, saying, "It is better as it is."

If, then, the story of his interposition in former times be true, we are bound to believe that the method of making his revelation occasioned him some degree of solicitude. He could not be willing to confuse matters more than they were already. He must accommodate himself to the nature of the men to whom he would address himself. He must respect the laws of reason far enough not to render them wholly inoperative, and the mind of man of no avail to him. For man must remain judge of the evidence. He must be able to see God as manifest distinct from his own manifestations. This appears, we say again, to have been the difficulty—if the story as it goes be true—with which the Infinite Being had to contend. How to satisfy the mind of man of his super-presence, and operate through human channels. Our ready friend, who deals in the marvelous in a rational manner, believes this to be easy enough. God, for instance, could give a peculiar color to the waters, cause them to pause in their course, stand up in heaps, and perform various evolutions not in keeping with their ordinarily tranquil and unpretending deportment. Who, then, would doubt but God had come, and that he had a *special* word to say?

But we cannot help remarking here, that, from a human point of view at least, it seems to have been a great disadvantage when he felt obliged to select the *human form* for his messengers to appear in. If he could have extemporized a form more worthy the occasion, it would have been more fitting, humanly speaking, and certainly the procedure would have rendered the revelation by authority an affair of much less embarrassment. He would not then have seemed to compete with the jugglers. His effort would not have been brought into the same category with theirs.

Doubtless Mr. Muzzey is ready to reply, that God could

afford even this risk of being outdone by purely human ingenuity. He was not straitened in the least, and did not fear competition. But we must still urge that the case has thereby been rendered exceedingly difficult to most people, while some are actually and hopelessly incredulous. These people say, such phenomena as these, have appeared in all ages, and to-day we are called on to give them the same credence which is asked for those witnessed in the old days when God is said to have been their author. If human testimony substantiates one, the same testimony is competent for another. Yet they think it more reasonable to distrust both, which they do in defence of the adequacy of the human mind to develop and confirm pure ethical laws by means of its own natural procedure.

But, they urge, if this is not the case, and there was a need of God's interposing, at a special worthy moment, to reveal his will, there should have been no just reason left for any to doubt. And they feel that it would have been more fortunate for him, certainly for the people in need of his revelation, had he declined to enter the lists for competition in the miraculous displays of men, and, instead, had sent his messenger straight from the heavens, giving him a form characteristic in itself, and some peculiarity so foreign and unique that no one who saw him would even have *suspected* there was the least *taint* of human qualities to be accounted for. This, to the generation that witnessed his appearance, would have been satisfactory ; and, if the exigency still remained for the next and succeeding generations, how easy for such a being, under the providence of God, to have continued his residence on the earth among the sons of men ; to have remained a perpetual divine assurance ; the oracle indeed, not dumb, motionless, blind, like Egypt's sphinx ; but seeing, moving in their midst, and voiceful on every worthy occasion, declaring the right and the wrong of every dispute, removing all doubts as often as they should arise, consoling constantly and tenderly by removing all our afflictions. What a revelation, what a manifestation of God, would not that be ! Lifted and carried clear out and away from all manner of doubt, a settled, established affair, which none could dispute, what a perfect convenience for man ! and what a triumph, for God, of his wisdom, power, and love !

MAJORITY - BLINDNESS.

AT a recent meeting in Boston, to organize a "Union for Christian work," Dr. Clarke reported that a remonstrance had been made against the use of the word "Christian" by some who desired to join in the work, but could not if that name was adopted. Dr. Clarke would not contend for a mere name. If the majority were favorable, he would not oppose its disuse. He contended, however, that the word as used was not exclusive. The infidel was not asked to engage in any work he did not approve. How was he excluded by its being called "Christian"? Its character remained the same. A name must be agreed on: if the majority desired this one, why not allow the majority to rule?

Now it strikes us that the infidel had good grounds of complaint. He might ask, "Shall our doctrine of the majority not have a limit somewhere? Have we no place in our system for pure equity? Even though nothing more than an infidel sentiment be at stake, to practice justice in showing respect for it is worth while, and may lead to larger results. Where could reformation begin with greater propriety than at a union organized especially for the purpose of 'doing good and growing better'? On such an occasion, instead of ruling against the minority, the majority might well have set the example of doing as they would be done by. Suppose the circumstances changed. Allow that the infidels were in the majority. Let the work to be done remain the same. How many Christians would agree to its being called a 'Union for Infidel work'? None; not even Dr. Clarke. He and they both would properly refuse."

It does seem to make all the difference in the world, even with good Christians, whether or not it is their ox that is being gored. The "rule of the majority" seemed to dispose of the question of justice for the time being. It might have been the same had the non-Christians been the stronger party. In addition to judicial blindness, we have even more than our share of majority blindness. It is the besetting sin in American religion, as in politics. We cannot get rid of the idea that might makes right, until another election at least.

No doubt the non-Christians, who remonstrated, could have smothered their "sentiment" somewhat, and gone into the good work of "doing good and growing better," permitting the Christians to have their way. But it seems to have been their opinion that the Christians were in real need of their protest. To arouse in this class a higher sense of the "brotherhood of man," was a duty which they owed to society.

It should be borne in mind that this movement was especially designed to reach just this outside, infidel, non-educated, or non-Christian class of people ; that large part of the world that could not be brought in to co-operate with the churches. The same enterprise had already been inaugurated in Providence, and it was hoped would extend over the whole country. For this reason, to *insist* on a mere name, to the exclusion of a large or of any part of this class, seemed to be very poor policy, not to cut the point any finer. Said Rev. Mr. Ellis, "The mountain will not come to us : we must go to the mountain." Of course he meant to become a part of the mountain, and to labor with it. Pity this mountain could not labor so as to bring forth a more encouraging result.

THE ARGUMENT.

YOU are sometimes asked, "What fault have you to find with Jesus?" If you answer, "None," then follows the question, "Why do you crucify him afresh?" This is an end of the argument with your friend. He goes away thinking he has suggested an historical parallel, which, if you are not past saving grace, will be likely to have its effect on you for a change in your views. If you have no fault to find, then why not turn about, and believe concerning Jesus as he does? You ought. If you do not, then you are like Pilate of old, and, like that same man, will go to your reward, which is not the reward your friend has started for.

Now this friend will never let Jesus rest until he himself is *safe*, until he is quite sure that there is no more danger to be apprehended from any indisposition towards him of the Father's.

He does not perceive that Jesus is at all discommoded by standing thus between himself and the Father, that it must be a veritable *crucifixion* he is suffering, a fresh one every time he backslides ; and the Father waxes wroth. He is blind to all this ; he has become hardened to it ; like a professional beggar, he has lost the delicate sense of another's woes ; he even delights in his own woe-begone state, and thinks it a blessed thing that he has been of so much trouble and consequence to such good persons, giving them such infinite concern about his eternal peace. He is not ashamed of Jesus. What is more, and not so creditable, he is not ashamed of himself.

As the case is made up, it reflects honor on Jesus, and all the more that he will sacrifice himself for so small a return. But it certainly does not honor the Father, and is, on the whole, somewhat of a slander on the human race.

THE MOTIVE.

IT often appears as though the most devoted of formal worshipers have no very exalted conception of the character of true worship. They show a bias not worthy the disciples of any great master. Their zeal for his exaltation seems to be largely infected with their own ambitions and self-seeking. Could they not make him serve them, who knows what measure of friendship they would retain for him ? Even the Jews who were clamorous before Pilate for the crucifixion of Jesus would have become most humble and earnest worshipers, had they been able to believe that he was indeed their Messiah. They wanted a king — a saviour — as desperately as ever a people did. He mocked them by his defenceless claims. Hence their hatred of him. Had his plans favored their interests, what friends of his they would have been ! Who are those most likely to "crucify Jesus afresh" ? Even those whose great friendliness partakes of their own dire necessities ; who love him with so great a love for what he has done for them. Simple gratitude ! Ah, yes, but it would be simpler and purer if their own perishing souls were not thrust so conspicuously in front.

NO T E S.

ROBERT COLLYER preached recently in Boston for a few Sundays to large and interested audiences. In one of his discourses he described the sort of prisons which people might be born into, or build for themselves. One of these is the "Prayer-book." He said :—

There is a growing tendency in our time towards the prayer-book as a substitute for prayer. By which the soul gets imprisoned in a formality that must be very much, to our Father in heaven, as if when my children in my home wanted something from me very sorely, and felt that their whole life must turn on their getting it, they should then get a book in which they could find petitions proper for all occasions, written by some good person or persons hundreds of years ago, and read their request in beautiful intonations, one and then another petition and response out of that.

I should be sure to say to such a ceremony, Children, this will never do either for you or me. I want to feel, in what you say, the beat of your own hearts for your sake as well as mine. The words that can form themselves naturally on your lips to tell me of your wants, or, if you want to thank me, to say so, are more to us all than all the forms of sound words that were ever invented. There is a wall in that sort of petition that no printed words can ever break down ; but that is broken down on the instant when you will put that book aside, throw up your arms, and cry, "Father" right out of your hearts.

This is what the time demands of us about the spirits imprisoned in a prayer-book. We are to tell them this, and, if need be, this also,—that the most earnest, searching, and thorough reformations, the times when men took a great step forward in all that can advance the truth of God and bless mankind, were conducted by those that by comparison cut loose from the formalities and frivolities that had got crusted about this most simple and sacred of all the things the soul can do in her intercourse with her Maker, and prayed right out of a burning, beating heart. The primitive Christian, so far as we can find him out, had no form of prayer in his secluded meetings in Jerusalem, Corinth, and Rome. He simply cried to God out of his heart. The Reformers in Germany and Scotland went back, as well as they were able, to the most primitive Christian order. In England, the forms were retained in a purer fashion than the Romish, but the great Puritan movement sprang out of the dislike of the most earnest and devoted Englishmen to this and similar things. The Puritans and Pilgrims were mighty men in this direct and personal appeal in their

prayers. And then in good time the Methodist Reformation, cutting loose at once from the formalities of the prayer-book, and what had then become the coldness of the Puritan, found out the all-right, direct way to the Father, and brought through it the mighty blessing Methodism once wore, and, in a measure, still holds for our race.

MR. EVERETT, Unitarian minister at Bangor, Me., made some pointed remarks at one of the meetings of that denomination during Anniversary Week. Among other things of a like nature, he said:—

The truth is, that all sects and all churches are moving in one direction, borne on as if by one mighty stream, and I sometimes think that we Unitarians claim too much as our share in the great work. If we happen to hear a liberal sermon from an Orthodox pulpit, — and all good sermons are liberal, — we say, "See the effect of the Unitarian faith!" Or if we happen to read a liberal novel, — and all good novels are liberal, — we say, "See what our Unitarianism is doing!" The fact is, we are all drifting along together. We are like a "drive" of logs, borne down a swollen and rapid current; and, because we happen to be first, it does not follow that we are the leaders, and all the rest are following us, any more than it is true that because the autumn flowers, the golden-rod and the aster, come after the violets and the crocuses, that they are their followers. I believe we have our work to do in liberalizing the world, but I believe that is not our chief work. I believe the age has done more to liberalize Unitarianism than Unitarianism has done to liberalize the age, and I believe that the great work of our church is not so much to liberalize Christianity as to Christianize Liberalism. For every force in the world is working in a liberal direction: all art, all literature, all the great strides of commerce, all the mighty triumphs of democracy, are working in one direction. And no wonder, when we think that our great work is to liberalize the world, and see the work growing liberal faster than ourselves, we think there is not much for us to do. I went to a friend of mine to ask him to contribute to the support of a liberal church that was just being built in a new place. He gave me the money, but he did it hesitatingly. He said he had always noticed that Liberal Christianity thrived best under Orthodox preaching. But, if we feel that our work is to Christianize the Liberalism of the age, then we shall see that we have much work before us.

AT the same meeting, Dr. Dewey, of New York, made a forcible speech. The following is a part of it:—

That great tide of thought, of which I have spoken, is now, I believe, at its flood. There never was an age, not even that of the

Reformation, when so many minds all over Christendom were so strongly moved as now, when they were set so strongly towards free thought, and, in fact, running into adventurous speculations. This is a truth obvious enough in the political sphere. "Who shall make the laws? who shall govern? who shall vote?" and the answer is beginning to be made, "Everybody shall." At least all but the children, and I expect to hear it soon proposed that the children shall vote (laughter); that the period of majority shall be ante-dated, put back to eighteen or sixteen, and that girls and boys in their teens shall vote; that they have rights which it would be unjust to deny them. But especially in religion is this tendency manifest. Religious speculation never went to such a length as it does now, except with a few professional thinkers. But now multitudes are questioning matters concerning religion. They question it in ways and manners to which our brother from the West has alluded, but which I fancy runs far beyond the imagination of most persons. The controversy to-day is not about creeds, but about faith itself: not whether the doctrine of the Trinity is true; but whether of the being of God, of the cause of things, we have any legitimate idea, any real knowledge: not whether Jesus is God, but whether he has any claims to homage and obedience: not whether the Bible is to be received as infallible in every word and letter; but whether the grandeur and tenderness of its teachings are still to win and bind our hearts: not whether this priesthood or that, this church or that, shall be preferred; but whether it is not best that all churches and preachers should be swept away together. And this is no pragmatical questioning, brought in by scheming leaders, or by a few persons. It is a question of progress; it is a question that has naturally come up in the course of thought, which has naturally emerged from the great tide of opinion, and we have to deal with such questions.

MR. W. R. ALGER writes in the "Liberal Christian" concerning "The Privileges of Liberal Christians":—

We have still another, and, I may say, a greater privilege in our Liberal-Christian faith in this respect,—that we can include in our sympathy, love, and admiration, all the good deeds and qualities of character manifested in the ages and nations outside of Christendom. Our Orthodox brethren—if they are true to their faith, and carry it out consistently, looking upon the whole human race outside of Christendom through the glass of the doctrine of total depravity—consider all the natural virtues of men only as filthy rags, odious in the sight of God. Martyrdom itself in a Pagan is but a more splendid vice. A few days ago I read carefully through the three great sermons of Jonathan Edwards,—“Men Naturally the Enemies of God,” “The Punishment of the Wicked,” and “Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God.” Jonathan Edwards was certainly a logician: he knew what inferences were implied in given premises. He carried out his system of belief consistently with such words, that every man not regener-

ated by a belief in the atoning blood of Christ is "a viper," a serpent hissing his hatred and spitting his venom against God : such phrases occur more than a score of times in these three sermons. He pictures the whole human race outside the narrow circle of the elect as being not only unmitigated haters of God, but unqualifiedly and hopelessly hated of God. He pictures the world as a great crust, rotten in many places, overspreading the pit of perdition, that men may walk about upon it ready to break through any instant, and were then to be roasted in everlasting flames. He pictures God in such a way, that really you would call him a colossal despot, who sits up in heaven scattering the world full of man-traps ; and if any little boys go out on Sunday to fish, or to climb into an apple tree, he takes delight in drowning them, or in making them fall and break their legs.

It may be a question, whether, in the following paragraphs, he fairly speaks for "Liberal Christians" generally. We suppose he merely utters his own belief, confident that all others must sooner or later reach the same goal. The happy turn he gives to the old charge, that the Liberal faith is made up of "negations," might be carried still farther, and turned against the Liberal Christians themselves, or many of them. Some future Mr. Alger may make the case as clear against "Orthodox Unitarians," as he now has done against pure Orthodoxy itself. It may be discovered that Naturalism is builded on "affirmations" broader than any Liberalism has yet conceived of ; that its "denials" are simply the brushing-aside, or burning-up of such false "affirmations" as Liberal Christianity has made. There is, however, nothing in the following extract that shows Mr. Alger to be a believer in the supernatural. He has unity, natural progress, and reason, as the basis of his faith.

Another privilege of Liberal Christians is their faith in regard to the great futurity behind the veil. All our Orthodox brethren, of every stripe and grade, maintain that the world is doomed to grow worse in the future. We are going on through a gradual loss of virtue and faith, till ultimately, just before the Second Advent, the destruction of the world and the resurrection of the dead, we shall come to that culmination of horrors when the Man of Sin, Antichrist, will be set up over the earth : then the world will be burned up ; and a little heaven, the small company of the elect, will rejoice forever in their place, and the great company of the lost will be shut up forever in perdition. Is it not a cheerful privilege to have outgrown all that horror, and to look upon the future, not as a fatal catastrophe, but as a steady evolution of better out of good, and best out of better ?

Every day, the results of philosophical thought, of critical exegesis, of scientific investigation, of the natural evolution and progress of the industries of the world, are combining to make it impossible for an

intelligent man to believe in any form of the great system of Orthodox Christianity ; and, every day, they are flinging new light and force on the evidences and recommendations of Liberal Christianity, the most Liberal Christianity,—teaching us to recognize everywhere the spirit of God, and to recognize in all the natural virtues, industries and pursuits of men, goods subsidiary to the infinite good, and not evils which are leading men fatally astray. Our system of faith, in distinction from Orthodoxy, contrary to what has often been said, is a system of affirmations ; theirs, of negations. For example : They say, "There is no inspiration except in the Bible," a negation. We say that all human speech is a gift of God to the human race, and his spirit breathes there just so far as it is a vehicle of truth. They say, "There is no incarnation of God except in Christ," a negation. We positively affirm that God made man in his own image, and that there is a divine incarnation, in a degree, in every man. Finally, they say, "There is no salvation out of the church," a negation. We say there is salvation everywhere, because the spirit of God is everywhere, truth is everywhere, and obedience of truth infallibly results in salvation. It is very curious to notice this : that the realm of nature, the soul of man, the course of history, the collective mind of the ages, are the very seat and residence of the truths themselves of which the Bible holds only the verbal statements. Which, then, is the more sacred ? which ought to be subordinated to the other ?

THE new paper, "The Revolution," is giving its readers some interesting chapters from Mary Wollstonecraft, on "the Rights of Woman." The following paragraphs are from the "Introduction" :

Because I am a woman, I would not lead my readers to suppose that I mean violently to agitate the contested question respecting the equality and inferiority of the sex ; but as the subject lies in my way, and I cannot pass it over without subjecting the main tendency of my reasoning to misconstruction, I shall stop a moment to deliver, in a few words, my opinion. In the government of the physical world, it is observable that the female, in general, is inferior to the male. The male pursues, the female yields ; this is the law of nature ; and it does not appear to be suspended or abrogated in favor of woman. This physical superiority cannot be denied ; and it is a noble prerogative ! But, not content with this natural pre-eminence, men endeavor to sink us still lower, merely to render us alluring objects for a moment ; and woman, intoxicated by the adoration which men, under the influence of their senses, pay them, do not seek to obtain a durable interest in their hearts, or to become the friends of the fellow-creatures who find amusement in their society.

I am aware of an obvious inference : from every quarter have I heard exclamations against masculine women ; but where are they to

be found? If, by this appellation, men mean to inveigh against their ardor in hunting, shooting, and gaming, I shall most cordially join in the cry; but if it be against the imitation of manly virtues, or, more properly speaking, the attainment of those talents and virtues, the exercise of which ennobles the human character, and which raise females in the scale of animal being, when they are comprehensively termed mankind, all those who view them with a philosophical eye must, I should think, wish, with me, that they may every day grow more and more masculine.

My own sex, I hope, will excuse me, if I treat them like rational creatures, instead of flattering their *fascinating* graces, and viewing them as if they were in a state of perpetual childhood, unable to stand alone. I earnestly wish to point out in what true dignity and human happiness consists: I wish to persuade women to endeavor to acquire strength, both of mind and body, and to convince them, that the soft phrases, susceptibility of heart, delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of taste, are almost synonymous with epithets of weakness, and that those beings who are only the objects of pity, and that kind of love which has been termed its sister, will soon become objects of contempt.

Dismissing, then, those pretty feminine phrases which the men condescendingly use to soften our slavish dependence, and despising that weak elegancy of mind, exquisite sensibility, and sweet docility of manners, supposed to be the sexual characteristics of the weaker vessel, I wish to show that elegance is inferior to virtue, that the first object of laudable ambition is to obtain a character as a human being, regardless of the distinction of sex; and that secondary views should be brought to this simple touch-stone.

This is a rough sketch of my plan. The education of woman has, of late, been more attended to than formerly; yet they are still reckoned a frivolous sex, and ridiculed or pitied by the writers who endeavor by satire or instruction to improve them. It is acknowledged that they spend many of the first years of their lives in acquiring a smattering of accomplishments: meanwhile, strength of body and mind are sacrificed to libertine notions of beauty; to the desire of establishing themselves,—the only way women can rise in the world—by marriage. And, this desire making mere animals of them, when they marry, they act as such children may be expected to act: they dress, they paint, and nickname God's creatures. Surely these weak beings are only fit for the seraglio! Can they govern a family, or take care of the poor babes whom they bring into the world?

If, then, it can be fairly deduced from the present conduct of the sex, from the prevalent fondness for pleasure, which takes the place of ambition, and those nobler passions that open and enlarge the soul; that the instruction which women have received has only tended, with the constitution of civil society, to render them insignificant objects of desire; mere propagators of fools; if it can be proved, that in aiming to accomplish them, without cultivating their understandings, they

are taken out of their sphere of duties, and made ridiculous and useless when the short-lived bloom of beauty is over,— I presume that *rational* men will excuse me for endeavoring to persuade them to become more masculine and respectable.

Indeed the word masculine is only a bugbear : there is little reason to fear that women will acquire too much courage or fortitude ; for their apparent inferiority with respect to bodily strength, must render them, in some degree, dependent on men in the various relations of life ; but why should it be increased by prejudices that give a sex to virtue, and confound simple truths with sensual reveries ?

Women are, in fact, so much degraded by mistaken notions of female excellence, that I do not mean to add a paradox when I assert, that this artificial weakness produces a propensity to tyrannize and gives birth to cunning, the natural opponent of strength, which leads them to play off those contemptible infantile airs that undermine esteem even whilst they excite desire. Do not foster these prejudices, and they will naturally fall into their subordinate, yet respectable station in life.

ONE of the Sunday-school papers records the death of a boy who was drowned while boating on a Sunday afternoon, and it draws this moral : Boys should not go boating on Sunday.

On another page, the same paper chronicles the decease of a minister, who came to his death by being struck by lightning, while standing by a window on a Tuesday morning. Why did n't it continue its moralizing and say : Ministers ought not to stand by windows during thunder-storms, on Tuesday mornings ?

THE Editor of the "Liberal Christian" writes thus concerning the Universalists.

The Universalist body is probably no more bigoted and intolerant than most other sects. Constant intercourse with its ministers and people for twenty years convinces us that the great majority of them are extremely liberal, tolerant, catholic, free, hopeful of the best things. But of late there has grown up, among some members and would-be leaders of that body, a spirit of jealousy and intolerance which we should have been surprised to see manifested even by Baptists and Presbyterians. That the editor of the "Repository" has not suffered directly from this spirit is not wonderful : hundreds of good orthodox Catholics never suffered directly from the intolerance of Rome, and

found no fault with the Inquisition which roasted none but heretics. Let Mr. Skinner advocate a rationalistic sentiment, or exchange pulpits with Mr. Blanchard or Mr. Conner, and he will find that the softest velvet hides the sharpest claw. Scarcely a week passes but we are both amazed and pained at articles in some of the Universalist papers, always excepting the "Star of the West," which is a model Christian paper,—articles which are compact with intolerance, and saturated with spite. Only a few weeks since, we commanded a Universalist brother in the best terms we were master of, and urged the Unitarians in his city to give him their support. Thereupon some of these papers charged us with casting suspicion upon and injuring the standing of good Universalist ministers by our un-called-for praise; unmindful of the fact that the minister in question, like many others, had asked us to aid him by our words. What but the very worst intolerance could crack the whip so spitefully over the heads of these men? If the liberal-minded men in the Universalist ministry have any manliness, any love of liberty, any self-respect, left, they will refuse to wear the yoke and muzzle, and bear the scourge, put upon them by a clique of self-constituted leaders.

THE "Free Religious Association" held its first Anniversary meeting in Boston on Friday of anniversary week. The session lasted during the day and evening. The morning part was largely attended. The rain thinned the audiences of the afternoon and evening. But the general interest was kept up. The Association regard the day as an eminent success. We judge that the same opinion extends to the public generally, from the fact that the *press* which floats that opinion has been remarkably quiet on the subject. If the meetings had appeared to be failures, this would not have been the case. Some of the New York papers gave extended reports. That would be too much for the Free Religionists to expect of any of the dailies printed in Boston. We also have looked in vain for any notice of their meeting by the weekly religious journals of this neighborhood. Even the "liberal" ones are silent. All this speaks of the success the Association achieved. We propose to give a more extended notice of the meeting in our next issue, when we hope to have a full report of the speeches at our convenience. We also have somewhat to say in regard to the character of the movement, of its shortcomings and its promise.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES: A Poem. By WILLIAM B. WRIGHT. Boston : Adams & Co. 1868. pp. vi. 183.

THIS poem relates the walks and talks of Arthur, Vivian, and Paul, "three half-blown pedants," who have escaped into Highland Valleys from the cares of college and the foul air of the city, and are having a vacation, made up of vigorous exercise, fresh feeling, and some good speculation. They fall in with an old sire who has made the solitude his home for years, and whose heart Nature has taken into her confidence. In his cottage, a grandchild is a frequent visitor, —

"A beauteous maid,
Seeming a strain divine of womanhood
Full-sung to its sweetest."

Of course, Edith's loveliness, so unexpected in this depth of rude grandeur and beauties, is a powerful supplement to the old man's entreaty that the youths should stay with him three moons before they return "into the semblance of a world."

So these college-boys, "bantlings of thin, chameleon diet," stay in the woods, discuss the ideal, the aim of living, the mystery of love. Edith traverses the great stretches of blank verse with the golden thread of beauty and sentiment. They all say some good things, and the tone of the poem is pure and high. At its close, the old hermit, feeling that death draws nigh to him, counsels the youths according to the temperament and cast of mind which each of them had displayed, and celebrates to them the nature of the divine love. Love is the solver of all the problems of thought and action, the divine unity of wisdom and beauty in love.

The mild reflective mood of this poem, touched with a feeling for nature, and bathed in her open air, is very pleasant and soothing. But we think that sometimes the thought grows too didactic : it then reminds us of the wearisome pages of Wordsworth's "Excursion" and "Prelude," and we get tired of wading through so much blank verse. Then the lyrics come in as genuine refreshments. On the whole, they are the brightest and most vigorous parts of the poem. There is one upon p. 148, beginning, "Smile the gods, but smile benignly," that is tender and beautiful, with a true lyric swing. On p. 35, is a vigorous and sly one, in the vein of Mephistopheles.

The blank verse has the modern fault of bristling with epithets : couplets of a noun and adjective chase each other after the period of a sentence. Some of the pages have this air of being overdone : there is a piling of words and a crowding of phrases. The sentiment does not go staggering, in the manner of Festus, with over-brilliant similes, raked and scraped

from all quarters of the universe : but it is ambitious rather in the style of a writer's first production, out of which superfluous lines and phrases have not been carefully weeded. For a poet ought to expose his offspring on Mount Cithæron, and let the weather kill off all the weaklings. The robust ones will certainly find their way home to our hearts : but we do not like the trouble and expense of turning our house into a hospital for goitre and other redundancies. How far modern poetry has traveled from the simple strength that heaved those lines of Shakespeare's Sonnets to their places !

But there is much to praise and welcome in this poem. Swinburnism will not be able to taste the fresh morning air and the innocent dew of it : too much curry and cayenne have gone corrugating over that tongue, and turned it to a bit of leather that can no longer be conscious of a gentle and healthy sensation. We admire and welcome the pure and truly religious tone of these pages. And we only wish for the writer a sterner concentration and a satiety of epithets.

The book is printed in Adams's best style. And we hope that the firm will not have reason to regret the generous venture which they make in publishing this poem. When sensation subsidizes all the popular book-stores, a publisher, who will undertake a book that can only be acceptable to the mild and meditative spirit, deserves the thanks of all readers jaded by artifice and scene-painting.

J. W.

LIVES OF THE APOSTLES.

SERMONS FOR CHILDREN. Boston : American Unitarian Association.

THE reprint of these two books by Dr. Greenwood was called for by the "Ladies' Commission on Sunday-School Books." They are recommended by the publishers to Unitarian parents, the author being "one of the pleasant instructors of their own early years." Dr. Greenwood was a clear and pleasing writer. Very few of the supernatural school of the present time seem able to write with the unaffected and simple faith so natural to the fathers. Supernaturalism in the liberal ranks to-day is strained, hard-worked, and unlovely. It comes on the stage disturbed in appearance, looking as if it had been dragged against its will from its old legitimate Orthodox homestead into the presence of an unsympathizing crowd. It cannot bear the lightest touch of rationalism. It shivers in the uncongenial atmosphere. Its defenders make their hold upon it as firm as possible, but the endeavor betrays itself. The rising generation *guesses* what's the matter, and there the curtain drops.

It is, therefore, but following a wise course to go back to the fathers of twenty years ago, before faith in the miraculous began to waver on other points than the trinity, and reproduce Jesus and the apostles as they were seen by the scholars of those days. This may prevent the denomination from drifting into "utter denial." The twigs must be properly bent, or the trees are lost.

Of course there are many good things in these books ; many fine points

of character are touched upon. If they stood in relief as natural traits of human character, we think the good impression would be enhanced.

But what shall we say when we read in the "Catechism," appended to the "Sermons," questions and answers like the following:—

Q. Had Christ no particular reward on account of what he did and suffered for the good of men?

A. Because he humbled himself to death, God has highly exalted him, and made him head over all things in his Church; and at the end of the world he will come to judge the living and the dead. *For this hope which was set before him*, he endured the cross, and despised the shame of that ignominious death.

Q. What do the Scriptures say concerning the day of judgment?

A. That Christ will come in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory, when every eye shall see him; that he will separate the wicked from the good; that he will send the wicked into a place of punishment, and take the righteous to a place of happiness, where they shall live forever with himself.

Indeed, do the Scriptures say all this? And do Unitarians believe it all? *Was* it to earn this great privilege that Jesus "came among men and endured the cross"? Such things show to what folly good men will sometimes lend themselves. We hope the children will ask to have this "Catechism" revised, if not by "modern scholarship," then by *modern good sense*: heretical as that may be, it cannot fail of making improvement.

S. H. M.

THE FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF FLORENCE, MASS.: its Platform, By-Laws, and Extracts from Annual Reports for the Year ending April 6, 1868.

WE give quite lengthy extracts from this report, believing that it is of a character to encourage the formation of similar societies.

The first attempts of people of liberal tendencies in organizing free societies for religious development are apt to end in some theological statement. These articles of agreement are free from all dogma, and are therefore of service in showing people that they can work together without a creed. The success and good name of the Free Congregational Society will stimulate many restless church people to throw off *all* of their fetters, and to unite in a democratic and free platform.

In pursuance of the following call, signed by twenty-seven citizens of Florence, a meeting was held at the time and place therein named.

TO THE PEOPLE OF FLORENCE AND VICINITY.—All interested in the promotion of good morals, general education, and liberal religious sentiments, whether Catholic or Protestant, or of whatever sect, creed, or nationality, are invited to meet in the South School-House, on Sunday, May 3, 1863, at 3.30 o'clock, P. M., to organize arrangements for the better attainment of the objects above named.

The Radical.

At the meeting, a Society was organized by the adoption and signing of the following

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

We, the undersigned, inhabitants of Florence and its vicinity in the town of Northampton, wishing to avail ourselves of the advantages of associate effort for our advancement in truth and goodness, and for the promotion of general intelligence, good morals, and liberal religious sentiments, do hereby agree to form ourselves into a body corporate under the name of the FREE CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF FLORENCE.

Respecting in each other and in all the right of intellect and conscience to be free, and holding it to be the duty of every one to keep his mind and heart at all times open to receive the truth, and follow its guidance, we set up no theological condition of membership, and neither demand nor expect uniformity of doctrinal belief; asking only unity of purpose to seek and accept the right and true, and an honest aim and effort to make these the rule of life. And, recognizing the brotherhood of the human race and the equality of human rights, we make no distinction as to the conditions and rights of membership in this Society, on account of sex or color or nationality.

The officers of this Society shall be a Moderator, Clerk, and Treasurer, who shall be first chosen at the first business meeting of the Society, and afterwards at each annual meeting thereof, and shall perform the customary duties of their respective offices.

The Society shall hold its annual meeting on the first Monday in April, at such hour and place as the Moderator of the preceding year shall appoint.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The experience of the year now closing is encouraging, and tends to strengthen our faith in the usefulness of the Society, and the value of its platform.

During the past year, our resident minister (Charles C. Burleigh) has occupied the desk on twenty Sundays, giving discourses of great value, fitted to place religious ideas on a common-sense basis, and defend with irresistible logic some of the most advanced liberal doctrines.

The Society has also been favored with the services of the following speakers: A. T. Foss, J. V. Blake, James F. Lyman, Susannah L. Kilburn, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Frederic Frothingham; John Savary, on two Sundays; A. Bronson Alcott; Henry C. Wright, on three Sundays; Francis E. Abbot, Lucy Stone, Aaron M. Powell, Edward C. Towne, Theodore D. Weld, Fanny B. Felton, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Seaver, Wm. Wells Brown, John T. Sargent; Wm. H. Burleigh, on two Sundays; D. A. Wasson, two Sundays; William Denton, Josiah P. Quincy, Sallie Holley, Olympia Brown, Joseph B. Marvin, Josephine A. Ellery, Wm. L. Jenkins, and John B. Beach.

Among the topics discussed by these speakers, may be named Physiol-

ogy ; France, its government and policy ; Temperance ; Origin and Antecedents of the African Race ; Woman Suffrage ; National Affairs ; Spiritualism ; Revivals ; The Evils of Indiscriminate Suffrage ; Cause and Cure of Poverty ; The Defects of our Common-School System ; The Church ; The Bible ; and both sides of the great question of Immortality.

About the first of last January, the plan of holding regular Sunday-evening Conferences was inaugurated, the leading objects being intellectual entertainment and improvement. In the exercises, a good variety and interest have been kept up. The originality, freedom, life, and freshness, of these exercises form a striking contrast with the stereotyped dullness and empty platitudes which characterize conference meetings held by those who restrict themselves by creeds, and take solemn oaths never to be any wiser ; they having long since exhausted the Divine Mind.

The Free Library and Reading-Room of this Society are extending their circles of influence. A larger number of books has been drawn during the past year than during any previous one. Every book that goes forth is a messenger of comfort and enlightenment, and thus the library is silently but effectively doing a great and good work. Through its volumes the thoughts of living thinkers are kept continually among us, and the spirits of the mighty dead utter their voices to those who live after them.

During the past winter, the women of this society have formed an association for social and industrial purposes, in which they have aimed to avoid the evils of sewing societies, and at the same time enlarge the sphere of their usefulness. It is designed to make the organization the means of furnishing profitable work to those who are seeking it, and ultimately render the whole business of the association a source of income. This Society, which is styled "The Industrial Re-union," is yet in its incipient state, but much good is anticipated from its labors.

In closing this Report, we would call attention to the ways and means by which the Free Congregational Society of Florence is to be sustained. We are engaged in a conflict for religious liberty. Our opponents have the advantages of well-organized, long-established, and wealthy combinations. Their opposition to our movement meets us in every direction. Sometimes it is open ; more generally covert and underhanded. It meets us in the paths of business, in the family and social relations, in the school, in town affairs, in state affairs, in all the activities of life. Sometimes we are assailed with misrepresentations and anathemas from the pulpit, sometimes from the press. Now, to meet all this opposition, and make our Society strong and self-sustaining, we require money. And it becomes us to learn from our opponents, who use every means to secure financial strength. Our Society should have an abundance of the sinews of war. Your Committee would therefore suggest, that in addition to the usual resource of annual subscriptions, which we hope our friends will aim this year to make larger than ever, there should be held, during the year, at least two festivals for raising funds, one in June,—or in the strawberry season ; and one at New Year's,—and that a Committee be appointed at this meeting to make ar-

rangements for these festivals. We would further suggest that the labors and profits of "The Industrial Re-union" be appropriated to the aid of these festivals and the support of the Society.

Finally, let us make our organization the great stronghold of religious freedom for this beautiful valley; a city of refuge in which those who are persecuted for opinion's sake may find shelter, protection, and fellowship. To this end let us be united and firm. Let no differences on outside issues, no provocation whatever, tempt us to withdraw our countenance and support from this grand citadel of free thought, free speech, and free men. The more hotly we are assailed without, the more united and firm should we be within. Let us bravely defend our platform, for it is evident that the war for mental liberty is to be fought out on this line.

THE CURRENCY. By JOSEPH S. ROPES. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868.

MR. ROPES professes to "promote sound views," and not to advocate any "pet financial scheme."

He seems to think that specie and bank promises to pay specie on demand are stable values, and the only proper things to be used for money. If gold is comparatively stable, bank credits which legally take its place are very unstable; as 1837 and 1857 in this country, and 1867 in England, will bear witness. The fluctuations in interest, of which he takes little account, are as ruinous to business as the changes of money.

Mr. Ropes's "pet financial scheme" seems to consist in withdrawing the Government greenbacks, allowing the banks to retain their present power over money and credits, and through these over property. It would puzzle him to show any right the banks can possibly have, not based on monopoly, to control the amount and interest of money, and those money promises which regulate all values.

Whoever heard before of a nation paying sixteen million dollars a year to a set of banks for furnishing an irredeemable currency, which any good bank-note printer would furnish for a hundredth part of the amount!

S.

EGYPT'S PLACE IN HISTORY. A Presentation. By MRS. DALL. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868. pp. xv. 108.

THIS pamphlet is an attempt to present the leading facts and course of argument contained in four of the five volumes by Bunsen, entitled "Egypt's Place in Universal History." They are among the most beautiful specimens of the English press, and the price corresponds. At the present rate of gold, they could not be imported for seventy dollars, which is the price named by Mrs. Dall in contrast with the dollar and a half that her pamphlet costs. The expense in publishing these volumes was increased by the richness of the material which Bunsen brought to his task.

The first volume contains a fine engraving of the Great Sphynx; the Coptic Alphabet, compared with the Egyptian and Hebrew; an Egyptian

Vocabulary ; and a complete list of hieroglyphical signs, most beautifully engraved, with sound, signification, and authority, comprised in more than a hundred pages. The second volume, besides two elaborate portraits of Eratosthenes and Manetho, with margins of figures and cartouches, contains views and plans of the pyramids, a sketch of the Fayoom, or canalized district, numerous royal scutcheons, and a synoptical table of all the pyramids. In the third volume there are also plans, views, maps, and portraits, including a valuable conjectural map of the track of the Aryans from their primeval country to India. There is a portrait of Schelling in the fourth, and some astronomical charts to show the position of the North Pole of the heavens, and the inclination of the Equator to the Ecliptic at different periods. For this is an essential element of Bunsen's chronology and theory of the age of Egyptian civilization. But Mrs. Dall makes this point clear enough in her pamphlet, though she does not give Bunsen's reason for adopting twenty-one thousand years as the period in which, from any given epoch, the same seasons will return to the same points of the celestial sphere. M. Julien's calculation furnishes the reason : the variation which is called the precession of the equinoxes determines, he says, "in the periodical return of each season, an advance whose duration amounts to fifty, and even sixty-one seconds, if we also count the annual deviation which planetary attraction inflicts upon the axis of our orbit. Dividing by this number of seconds the three hundred and sixty degrees of the circumference," we have the period of twenty-one thousand years.

It is impossible to give a satisfactory idea of the wealth contained in these four volumes. We are not yet the fortunate owner of the fifth, and cannot speak of its contents ; but the other four include criticisms and explanatory statements of some of the remotest historical and religious problems. There is mythology of Greece, India, and Egypt ; different cosmogonies ; history of hieroglyphical writing ; examination of pyramids, canals, and dykes ; age of the Nile deposit, and a brilliant deduction from remains found at a certain depth ; restorations of the dynasties of Egyptian kings ; astronomical and historical synchronisms ; examination of the Vendidad, Veda, and Book of the Dead ; Aryan and Bactrian traditions ; in short, all the great traditions confronted with each other, and bidden to come to terms. The amount of scholarship and research in various departments is so great, that, as Mrs. Dall justly remarks, it would take a council, composed of the first scholars in each science that has contributed to the books, to sit in judgment upon it, and make authoritative statements relative to its leading points.

But the general reader can easily see what he escapes from in buying Mrs. Dall's pamphlet ; for the volumes are not easy reading, and do not yield their purport at a glance. They have to be studied, pondered, and compared, as Mrs. Dall herself has done to frame her pamphlet. She has done it very well. To know what to reject, and what to slur, is quite as important in such a work as to be able to perceive the essential points. Mrs. Dall has withheld the temptation of some delightful pages and of

some curious speculation, and has given us a flow of the facts, dates, chronological deductions, and the substantial yield of the old crop of traditions. A great deal of honest labor, and a patient digging, such as Dr. Todd and other members of the genus Man credit only scholars of their own sex with, have gone into this pamphlet. And we commend it to all clergymen and men of thought who wish to know the position of the interesting questions of which Bunsen treated.

We forgot to say that Mrs. Dall has an appendix, under the title of "Scholia," that contains some discussions which would have only delayed the movement of her pamphlet. They are all pertinent. Especially so is a review of Piazzi Smyth's late work upon the Great Pyramid, which, he says, was built by divine suggestion, to be a perpetual standard of wet and dry measure, long and square mensuration, and of all other lengths, human and divine. To such lengths will a scholar go, if he has Bible on the brain.

J. W.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Gems from Swedenborg. T. H. Carter & Sons. Boston, 1868.

The Economy of the Animal Kingdom, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Augustus Clissold. 2 volumes, crown 8vo, 996 pp. T. H. Carter & Sons, 25 Bromfield Street, Boston, 1868. Sent, postpaid, to any part of the United States on reception of the price, \$6.00.

The Modern Representations of the Life of Jesus : Four Discourses delivered before the Evangelical Union at Hanover, Germany. By Dr. Gerhard Uhlhorn, First Preacher to the Court. Translated from the Third German Edition by Charles E. Grinnell. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the Corporation of the Warren-Street Chapel. Proceedings and Report. Boston : 1868.

James Mott. A Biographical Sketch by Mary Grew, with Tributes from Wendell Phillips and others. New York : William P. Tomlinson, Publisher, 39 Nassau Street. 1868.

Expulsion of the President. Opinion of Hon. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, in the case of the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. Washington : Government Printing Office. 1868.

Amend the Constitution. Abolishment of the Office of Vice-President. Neither Caucuses, Conventions, Electoral Colleges, nor the House of Representatives, to intervene between the People and their choice of a President. Speech of Hon. James M. Ashley, of Ohio. Delivered in the House of Representatives, May 29, 1868.